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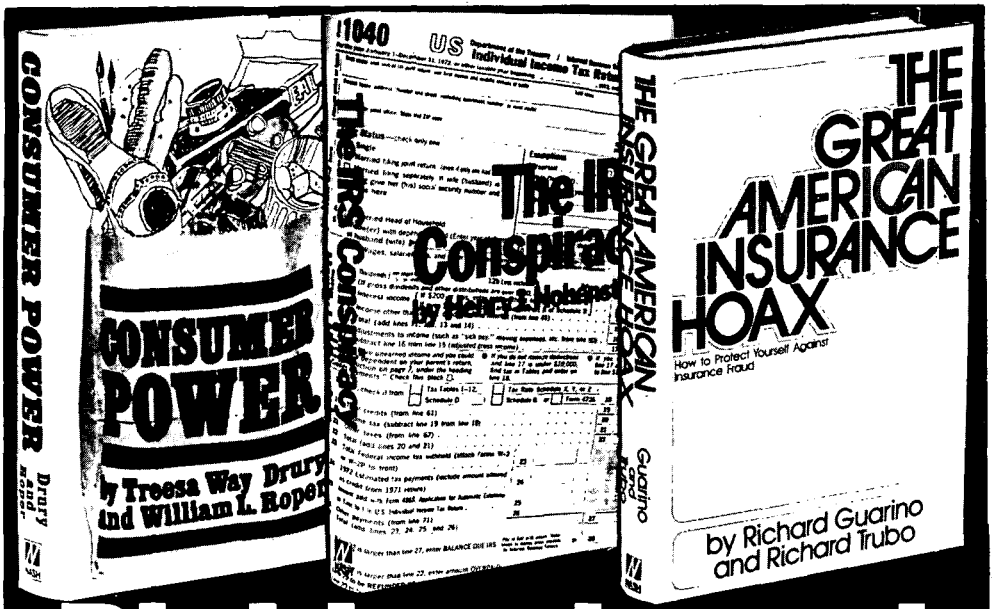

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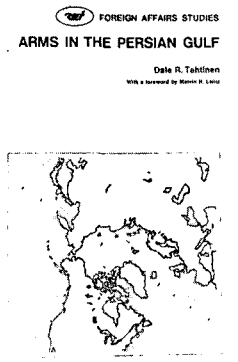

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VOLUME SIX NUMBERS FIVE AND SIX
JULY/AUGUST 1974

MORAL MYOPIA CHAPTER THREE
Jack Anderson and the Eagleton Case
by Brit Hume
George McGovern's worst debacle was Jack Anderson's, too. Why a great reporter fell on his face. 7

Denenberg v. Flaherty: Politics after Common Cause
by Walter Shapiro
Reformers are trying to take the money out of politics. In the recent Pennsylvania Senate primary they succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. Campaign reform in action reveals what else has to be done—by both the candidates and the press. 23

TIDBITS AND OUTRAGES 32

The Zero Defect System
by Charles Peters
Why Sancho Panza is needed at the White House, and elsewhere. 34

Bill Moyers: His Heart Belongs to Daddy
by James Fallows
Our modern day Leonardo—successful writer, producer, publisher, and Presidential assistant. The Boy Wonder is now forty, pondering the question, "What next?" 36

Kissinger and the Brothers Kalb
by Roger Morris
Marvin and Bernard Kalb are willing prisoners of their source, Henry Kissinger. They have a lot of company, and therein lies bad news for our foreign policy, and, ironically, for the good Doctor as well. 51

POLITICAL BOOK NOTES 61

LETTERS 4 **MEMO OF THE MONTH** 31 **THE POLITICAL PUZZLE** 30

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Letters

The Southern Regional Council

I have never been offered the position of Director of the Southern Regional Council ["Doing a Little for Others and a Lot for Ourselves," James Fallows, April].

The real story about foundation influence in the South has yet to be told. It is a story of how the New York based foundations use three black men—two based in New York and one here in Atlanta—as their surrogates in deciding who does and who doesn't merit their support. If a request threatens the institutions or programs favored by these three, it doesn't get funded. At the same time, these three are free to duplicate—with heavy foundation support—any existing program that they are unable to exercise control of, and to eventually direct funds and approval exclusively toward their own creatures.

At best, scarce monies are wasted in duplication, and in too frequent trips to New York-based monitors examining monthly basis programs as strange to them as grits to an Eskimo; at worst, some awfully worthwhile programs go begging and face eventual starvation.

JULIAN BOND
Atlanta, Ga.

Julian Bond is a member of the Georgia legislature.

We have, of course, read your recent article on the Council, and we think there is little need to engage in extended debate on your opinions. We are writing simply to reiterate certain points which we thought had been made clear to you in our conversations.

The Southern Regional Council has for 30 years relied on accurate, objective reporting and nonpartisan analysis of public issues as one of the essential ingredients of change in the South, on issues ranging from constitutional rights to hunger. We will continue to do so.

You interpreted SRC's program as aiming for election of a group of liberals. The context of the conversation from which that was taken was that candidates for public office should have basic information, impartial and objective, on the issues and policy alternatives which affect Southerners. We hope that an informed public will make choices that result in solution of regional problems, but we are not so prescient as to say that the problem-solvers, all or some, will be "liberals," nor is the Council's constituency limited to any one political philosophy.

The development of community organizations as instruments for social change has been an SRC priority for nearly a decade. Presently several of our programs are built around such organizations and around the priorities they help define. The fact is, too, that the Council over the past year has been the conduit for grants of a quarter of a million dollars to such organizations.

The South needs more resources for the whole range of organizations dealing with critical problems facing the region, particularly poor and minorities. While further and wider support is being built for the diverse approaches needed, the Council will continue, either through its own auspices or as an advocate for other organizations, its efforts to bring resources—from whatever source—to bear on the South's problems.

GEORGE ESSER
HARRY BOWIE
Atlanta, Ga.

George Esser and Harry Bowie are the directors of The Southern Regional Council.

'Dictatorial Powers as a Last Resort'

I am the GSA attorney referred to on page 41 of your May issue in your article on the Federal Home Loan Bank Board project [" 'We Try to Use Dictatorial Powers Only as a Last Resort,' " Walter Shapiro], in which article it was implied that I was part of a "policy of either deliberate lying or willful deception." Such implication is entirely false.

On February 26, 1974, I received a call from Attorney Patrick Macrory, who advised me that he represented a client interested in preserving certain buildings on the Federal Home Loan Bank Board project site, and that he was considering seeking a court order temporarily restraining demolition of such buildings. He asked what GSA's intentions were with respect to demolition of such buildings. I advised Mr. Macrory that I assumed that it was GSA's intention not to proceed with such demolition until GSA had completed its discussions with the Advisory

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Council on Historic Preservation. I added, however, that I would verify that assumption because I had had little personal contact with the project up to that time. I then called a member of the GSA project management staff who confirmed my assumption, and thereafter called Mr. Macrory and advised him of this verification. I also supplied him with the telephone number of the GSA project management office so that he could call there directly in the event he wanted to be updated on the situation in the future and I was not then available.

I did not advise anyone of my conversations with Mr. Macrory because it did not occur to me that GSA would proceed in any manner other than as I had stated to Mr. Macrory. I left the following day on a business trip to Connecticut and Pennsylvania and did not return to Washington until Sunday evening, March 3, 1974.

When I arrived at my office at GSA on the morning of Monday, March 4, 1974, I found a message to call Mr. Macrory and was informed for the first time that demolition of the buildings in which he was interested had been undertaken over the prior weekend. I immediately called Mr. Macrory and advised him that I had had no prior knowledge that such a course of action was being considered, or that a decision to proceed with demolition had been made, and further, that I was very embarrassed by what had transpired in my absence in view of our prior conversations.

I want it to be very clearly understood that my actions with respect to this matter in no way constituted "deliberate lying or willful deception" as implied in your article. I conduct myself with sincerity and integrity in both my professional and personal affairs, and am deeply offended by your publication of any statement or implication to the contrary.

ROBERT R. RICE
Washington, D.C.

Educational Testing Service

Although time and space do not permit extensive discussion of the errors present in "Inside the Educational Testing Service" [Eric Rodriguez, March], I want to cite a few by way of illustration.

We make no apology for the fact that ETS has changed as education has changed, and that we have successfully undertaken activities in a number of new areas, although the article cites such developments in tones of opprobrium. Contrary to Mr. Rodriguez' assertion that ETS "convinced" admissions offices to "go along" with the Law School Data Assembly Service (LSDAS), it was the Law School Admission Council, an association of 153 American law schools, that established the LSDAS because of the dramatic increase in the number of law school applicants and the consequent volume of admission data. His reference to the "dissatisfaction" of the Association of American Medical Colleges and the transfer last year of the Medical School Admissions Test (MCAT) is also incorrect: ETS has not administered the MCAT since 1959.

Mr. Rodriguez' unfamiliarity with ETS has led to an erroneous conclusion also in his discussion of the College Board, ETS, and the Graduate and Professional Financial Aid Service. Although he implies some antipathy between this activity and the College Board's College Scholarship Service (CSS), in fact the CSS Council was a founding member of the Graduate and Professional Financial Aid Service. Indeed, the past chairman of the CSS Council currently serves as chairman of the Graduate and Professional Financial Aid Council, which establishes policies for the service. Mr. Rodriguez is also mistaken in his discussion of the validity study that ETS was to conduct for a Washington, D.C. university on two points. First, ETS did not "bungle" by erasing the tapes: the tapes did not have the information on them when they were received at ETS. Second, ETS performs this service free of charge for the institution requesting it, so there was no "contract."

Further, Mr. Rodgriguez apparently perceives our research efforts as no more than a separate set of business contracts for ETS. Your readers might be interested in the fact that ETS is conducting the broadest continuing program of educational research in this country. I can think of few areas in which it is as important to have basic research carefully pursued.

WILLIAM W. TURNBULL
Princeton, N. J.

William Turnbull is president of the Educational Testing Service.

Eric Rodriguez replies:

Mr. Turnbull has set the record straight on the date of the MCAT transfer. I regret my erroneous account on this point. As for the larger issues raised by Turnbull, it is not that the energetic pursuit of research contracts, the wide-ranging diversification, even the questionable marketing techniques are so objectionable in themselves. This may be incongruous behavior for a non-profit institution such as ETS, but there is a more pragmatic issue than that of seemliness: namely, can ETS reconcile its own imperatives with its responsibilities to its founders, to the academic community, and to its captive clients, the students? The evidence

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suggests that this reconciliation is not easily effected.

Your article on the Educational Testing Service prompts me to add a brief condemnation of another "service": the American Medical College Admissions Service, or AMCAS. This organization, hindered by the Byzantine regulations of viscous minds, has only confused and frustrated many hundreds of medical school applicants. The needless nonsense of having to send in transcripts (an expensive and delaying action) only to have AMCAS sit on them for weeks (despite their exhortations to the contrary) is an extreme burden to the already beleaguered applicant. AMCAS, furthermore, provides the "service" of computing grade point averages already computed on most university transcripts, and that's all that most applicants need, since they go to only one university or college as an undergraduate. But the straw that breaks the camel's back is what the applicant must do to apply to medical schools for the next year, should he not gain admission the first time, viz., he must go through the entire nonsense again of sending in transcripts and money (by the way, AMCAS is not free), even though there has been no change or addition to the applicant's academic record. AMCAS says not to send in recommendations until notified by the individual medical school to do so; however, most medical schools want such recommendations immediately. My exhortations to AMCAS brought only the standard bureaucratic verbiage. Of course, the applicant has no idea what "subjective analyses" AMCAS might send to the medical schools should he call them to task for such shortcomings. So why not continue with a series on such testing services? Don't stop with ETS, the CEEB, and the LSAT; go right on to the MCAT, AMCAS, the Dental School tests, and other such fraudulent services, existing at the pleasure of the professional schools for the auxiliary analyses and beautiful Gaussian curves.

PAUL S. CHERRY
Philadelphia, Pa.

"Toys for the Generals"

The title which you gave my excerpt, "7,000 Toys for the Generals" [May], implies, incorrectly, that my comments blame the presence of a greatly excessive number of tactical nuclear weapons in Europe on military decisions and that these weapons are a particular source of enjoyment to our General officers. Neither of these implications is the fact.

Thousands of tactical nuclear weapons were deployed in Europe because of misguided national policies and not any military need. The action was not a response to any demand from the military services. I can think of no weapons systems that could be characterized as "Toys for the Generals" with less accuracy than is the case here.

PAUL WARNKE
Washington, D.C.

"Flying Fuhrerbunker"

A few editorial changes in my article titled "The Flying Fuhrerbunker" (April, 1974) may have resulted in misconceptions by readers. I would like to clarify by noting that: 1) Former Senator Eugene McCarthy made no reference to low tide in his remark about the use of submarines. He just suggested "a tunnel from the White House to the shore of the Potomac, with a special sub waiting there in the mud." In other words, he was mocking the whole concept of a command post. 2) America has so many nuclear bombs that it is hard to keep track of them. But I know of only one storehouse for them in New Mexico; it is in the Manzano Mountains near Albuquerque. 3) Herman Kahn is no optimist about results of an all-out nuclear attack on the United States. As early as 1962, Kahn predicted that the Russians might soon be able to destroy 75-100% of our people with an all-out attack.

MARY MEEHAN
Washington, D.C.

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WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS
Washington, D.C.

Editor's note:

We received the Justice's letter in May. In April we ran the following Book Note on *Go East, Young Man*:

Justice Douglas has some fascinating stories to tell, particularly about the days of the New Deal, but his consistent inability to criticize himself tends to make his autobiography disappointingly one-dimensional. How this great hero of all of us who love the First Amendment could have been on the take from the Las Vegas-based Parvin Foundation may be explained by this sentence: "Leonard Lyons, famous columnist, and his wife, Sylvia, were among the most talented couples I ever knew." In other words, Douglas wanted to know the celebrities. "I sometimes went with Lennie on his rounds. He knew all the celebrities, their scandals as well as their other lives. . . ." ■

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MORAL MYOPIA CHAPTER THREE

Jack Anderson and the Eagleton Case

by Brit Hume

When the wrongs of government are perpetrated by a Hitler—or even a Nixon—it is hard for decent men to see the roots of those wrongs in themselves. This is why we embarked on our Moral Myopia series about the sins of people we on the whole admire. The first two were about The New York Review of Books *and the staff of the Senate Watergate committee. This one is about Jack Anderson, a man whom both we and the author, Brit Hume, believe is one of the truly outstanding reporters in America. But he is also capable of making some serious errors. One was his arrangement with J. Edgar Hoover, as we once reported in Tidbits and Outrages, whereby he agreed to write only "nice things" about the FBI director in exchange for access to the Bureau's file. Brit Hume's story explores the reasons behind another of Anderson's mistakes.*

On Tuesday, July 25, Senator Thomas Eagleton of Missouri, the man selected by Senator George McGovern as his running mate on the Democratic presidential ticket, held a news conference in a resort lodge in the Black Hills of South Dakota where McGovern had been resting before the campaign. Two reporters for the Knight Newspapers, Robert Boyd and Clark Hoyt, had established that Eagleton had three times been hospitalized for mental disorders.

With the Knight papers poised to break the story, Eagleton and McGovern decided to make a public confession immediately. Eagleton's statement to a roomful of stunned reporters contained assurances that he was fully recovered, that his problem had been "nervous exhaustion" and that he had learned to "pace" himself so that he would not have the problem again. Nevertheless, he acknowledged that he had undergone electric-shock treatment on two of the occasions when he had been hospitalized. There could be no doubt that it was a devastating development for the Democratic ticket. Eagleton was an attractive and articulate man, considered a remarkably talented politician by his colleagues. But would the public place a man with a history of mental illness a heartbeat from the presidency? Most people doubted it. The headlines the next morning were very large.

I stopped in Jack's office the next day before going to my own. He had just done his morning radio show and was going through some papers at his desk.

"It seems to me," I said, "that this Eagleton press conference left some questions unanswered."

"Oh?" said Jack.

"Well, in a separate interview with the Knight papers, he said something about still taking some 'little blue

Brit Hume is a former associate of Jack Anderson. This article is adapted from his book, Inside Story, *to be published in August by Doubleday.*

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pills.' I wonder if they are barbiturates and, if so, what kind. That raises questions about when they were prescribed and if they were prescribed by a psychiatrist. And that makes me wonder if he isn't still seeing a psychiatrist. You can't tell how the press will react. They may decide to drop the subject. They might press it all the harder. But if they drop it, there might be an additional story there."

"Well," said Jack, "I think you're right. Why don't you go after it."

I called Eagleton's office and was told the Senator could be reached at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles. I called the hotel and left a message for the press secretary. I never heard from him.

About three o'clock that afternoon, Jack crossed the hall into my office. "I just talked to True Davis," he said. "I don't know why I didn't think of it before. He says Eagleton was arrested 11 times for drunk driving in Missouri."

"Has he got proof?" I asked.

"No, but he's seen photostats of the citations," Jack said.

"Has he still got them?"

"No. But he says if you reach the man who was the prosecutor in the county just north of Jefferson City in 1968, he will know all about it."

"God, it's a hell of a story," I said. "Eagleton has denied over and over that he's ever had a drink problem."

"True has never misled me before," Jack said. "I've got to go out and I'm going straight home later, so why don't you try to reach this prosecutor and call me at home tonight about it. I'm afraid this won't keep for the column, but we might be able to use something on radio."

A Man of Probity

True Davis had been ambassador to Switzerland and Undersecretary of the Treasury during the Johnson Administration. He and Jack had become friends during Davis' years in Washington. In 1968 Davis ran in the Democratic primary for the Senate from his home state of Missouri, where he had accumulated a large fortune in business before deciding to go into government. Davis finished third in the primary behind Thomas Eagleton and the incumbent senator Edward Long. Now he was president of the National Bank of Washington, which was owned by the United Mine Workers during the UMW's most corrupt years under Tony Boyle. Jack had assured me of Davis' personal probity and said he thought his present job was just something to keep him in Washington while he awaited another opportunity for a political post.

I had met Davis only once, during lunch with Jack in the Montpelier Room, a swanky French restaurant in the Madison Hotel in downtown Washington. Jack wanted to get some confidential information from Davis for a story we were working on. According to plan, I sought to soften Davis up with polite but skeptical questions about his role with the union and the bank. Jack then intervened with praise for Davis' integrity and remarks about what old and close friends they were. Then came his pitch for the information. The next day, Davis came through. His information turned out to be absolutely accurate, and it made an excellent story. Since then I hadn't seen Davis, except in the society pages of the newspapers. A widower, he entertained lavishly and often at his huge home in Washington's embassy district. Davis struck me as such a colorless, solemn figure that it seemed strange that he would emerge as a leading light of society.

I began making calls to try to find out the name of the prosecutor of whom Davis had spoken. There turned out to be two counties side by side just north of Jefferson City, which doubled the number of calls I had to make. Everyone I spoke to seemed to remember one case, in 1962, when Eagleton had been arrested for speeding in a radar zone and had paid a fine.

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Gene Hamilton, the present prosecutor in Calloway County, told me that other reporters had asked about the drunk-driving reports. He said he had never heard of any such thing. So eager was Hamilton to convince me that the 1962 case was actually speeding and not a reduced charge stemming from a drunk-driving arrest, that he dug out the ticket itself from the county records and read the details to me over the phone. Eagleton had been driving 85 in a 65-mile-per-hour zone, had been pulled over at 8:45 p.m.

Mel Chamowitz

Jack Anderson

March 11, 1962, on State Highway 40, a two-lane road, near the town of Fulton.

Soon after I finished talking to Hamilton, a newsman with a Washington television station called to ask me if we had heard the drunk-driving rumors. I said I had. He told me that all he and other reporters digging into Eagleton's past had found was a 1962 speeding arrest. I told him that was all I had found. More calls turned up no information on drunk driving. After two hours, though, I still had not reached all the present and former prosecutors in the two counties in question. But this story just didn't feel like one that was likely to pan out.

Late in the afternoon, Mike Kiernan came into my office. Mike was a young reporter who had recently joined the staff. Bright, energetic, and resourceful, he took over a variety of tasks, and performed them well and reliably.

"I'm looking for something on Eagleton for radio tomorrow," he said. "Can you help?"

I told him what I knew. He seemed glad to get what little I had.

"That will be fine," he said. "I want to be able to write an item that will have Jack sitting here in Washington giving the inside dope on what all these other reporters out in Missouri are trying to get. The story will be that reporters are swarming all over Missouri checking out these rumors of drunk driving, but all they have found is this speeding arrest. That doesn't make a bad little item."

I kept trying after Mike left but still hadn't turned up a thing to support the drunk-driving story. After dinner, I got on the phone again but made little progress. I finally called Jack and asked him to get back to Davis for more details. He agreed to, but at first was unable to reach him. When he called back later, he seemed to have less than he had before.

"True can't remember exactly how many photostats he received," Jack said, "but he had a stack of them and the figure 11 sticks in his mind. He said it could possibly have been as few as six. A couple of them were definitely drunk driving. They were given to him by a state trooper. The reason he didn't give me the state trooper's name is that he didn't know him. True never showed the photostats to any member of his staff. He agonized over what to do with them, whether to use them in the campaign or not and finally decided to tear them up. He isn't sure what county is the one, but he said there is a prominent Democrat

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who owns the largest funeral home in Fulton who would probably know something about this."

I told Jack I still had not reached all the prosecutors who might be the one Davis was talking about. But so far, I said, I had turned up nothing to substantiate the drunk-driving report. Jack sounded as if he was unsure I was giving it my best. (He has since told me he was a little irritated by what seemed to him a half-hearted effort.) But I was doing the best I could. For example, I tried to reach one ex-prosecutor through his home telephone listing. His daughter, who sounded like a young teenager, told me, though, that he no longer lived there. I pressed her, and reluctantly she told me he now lived with another woman in St. Louis. Even more reluctantly, she gave me the woman's name. I couldn't find such a person listed with information in St. Louis, so I called the young girl back to find out where her mother, who was not home, might be reached. She gave me the name of a local night club, "Mr. B's." I called there, hoping the mother would know how to reach her husband—or ex-husband, I couldn't be sure. The man who answered said over the noise and laughter that he had no way of paging anyone, but if I could tell him what the woman looked like, he would try to find her. I called the daughter again. She told me her mother was wearing black slacks, white sandals, a white and black long-sleeved cotton blouse. She had jet black hair with gray streaks. She was in her mid-thirties. I called the night club again. The man looked, then returned to the phone to tell me she had just left. I would have to wait until morning, when I could reach the man himself at his office in St. Louis.

I wasn't ready to give up on this story, but I wasn't optimistic about it. From those I had spoken to, I had gotten virtually unanimous recollection of the one speeding charge and unanimous ignorance of any drunk-driving charges, although several people said there had been persistent rumors that Eagleton had a drink problem. At the time of the supposed arrests, Eagleton was attorney general, then lieutenant governor, of the state. It wasn't hard to believe that he could have been stopped for offenses which were promptly and thoroughly covered up because of his office. But plausibility and provability are not the same. Jack, though, had a different feeling about the story

"I'm inclined to go ahead with something about this on radio," he said. "When a guy like True Davis says he saw those photostats, there's obviously something to it. Someone's going to get this story, so I'm inclined to move ahead with something so we don't lose it."

I didn't disagree. True Davis had been a reliable source and Jack told me he gave this information most reluctantly. Although he had been a political opponent of Eagleton's, he was now supporting him and Davis' son was working for Eagleton. True Davis was certainly not one of my heroes, but he seemed too much the solid citizen to fabricate a story of this kind and feed to a reporter whose friendship he clearly valued. Carefully hedged, Davis' information could be a legitimate story.

'A Pretty Good Source'

When I got to the office the next morning, Jack and Les Whitten, his senior assistant, had not yet returned from taping the radio show at the Mutual Studios farther downtown. Shortly after I sat down at my desk, one of Mutual's correspondents called me.

"Listen," he said, "I just heard Jack's report that he has located the photostats on Eagleton's drunk-driving arrests. Some of my sources in the Senate have told me the same thing. I'm sure it's true, and I think it's great that Jack's got the documents. Is he going to make them public?"

"Well," I said. "I don't think he's actually located them. He's learned

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about them from a pretty good source."

Moments later, an NBC radio reporter called. It seemed the word was out all over town that Jack had the goods on Eagleton's drunk-driving record. I put the NBC man off with a promise that Jack would return his call.

Just after I got off the phone, I heard Jack and Les come in the front door of the office. I walked out to the reception room. The morning's radio scripts were lying on the desk. The Eagleton item was on the top of the stack. It began as Mike Kiernan had indicated it would, telling how reporters were "streaming into Missouri" to check out "rumors" of Eagleton's being nabbed for drunk driving. Mike had gone on to say that the reporters had found nothing but one speeding violation. But Jack had drawn a line through that with a black felt-tipped pen. I suppressed a gasp when I saw what he had written in its place. The Mutual man had not been paraphrasing when he told me Jack had said he had "located" the photostats. That is exactly what Jack had just recorded for broadcast on the largest radio network in the nation.

"Hey," I said, "you can't say you've 'located' the photostats, can you?"

"I don't know," Jack said. "Les and I were just talking about that."

"I don't think that's the word you want. Don't you want to say you've 'traced' them or 'traced their existence'?"

"Traced!" said Les. "That's the word we want."

"You're right," Jack said. "I'll go and phone in a correction."

The correction Jack phoned to Mutual might have been enough to soften the impact of the story if he had made it before the taping. But Mutual had been calling all over town to say that Jack Anderson, their new star attraction, had the documents on Eagleton's drinking. It was the lead item on the hourly network radio news broadcasts. The fact that Jack was now saying that he had "traced" the documents instead of "located" them was not enough to quell the interest, even though Jack's correction made it clear that he had not seen the photostats himself. The correction attributed the story to a "former high official from Missouri whose reliability is beyond question."

What's more, Jack seemed to have no doubt that the story would be vindicated, even if he had exaggerated it originally. He was not the least reluctant to be interviewed by television or the newspapers. He gave each interviewer the most ringing assurances of the reliability of his source.

Truth Will Out

Eagleton, who was by now in Honolulu, quickly called a news conference to denounce the story as a "damnable lie." Les seemed surprised when he heard that. Later in the afternoon, Jack stepped across the hall to get a glass of water, between interviews.

"Are you worried about this?" I asked.

"No problem," he said, smiling. "Look, True Davis is a reliable guy. If he says he saw the photostats, then they existed. In a situation like this, the truth has a way of coming out. So I'm not worried about it. Besides, this shows we're willing to go after liberal Democrats." In Missouri, though, the drunk-driving report was getting no substantiation. E. I. Hockaday, the State Police Superintendent, said the files of his department revealed no drunk-driving arrests of Thomas Eagleton. I finally got through to all the other people I had planned to call and some others as well. They all had heard of the speeding charge, even state troopers who worked in other parts of the state. But no one knew anything about drunk driving.

One of the last interviews Jack held that day was with Channel 5, the local Metromedia station where he taped his television commentaries. Asked if he should have waited until

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he had the proof in his hands before going ahead with the story, Jack conceded that he probably should have. It was the first sign that he was becoming a bit uncertain about the story.

Both Jack and Les, however, were elated about one development. *The New York Times* had asked to interview Jack's source, with the promise that the name would not be revealed. Jack felt that Davis would inspire confidence and the result would be a story tending to support him. He talked Davis into it. The interview was to be held the next morning.

The Phantom Trooper

I got into the office later than usual that Friday morning, but I phoned Jack at the office earlier. *The New York Times* interview with Davis, he said, had gone badly. Although Davis repeated everything he had told Jack, he acknowledged under questioning that he had not authenticated the traffic citations himself and, what's more, the state trooper who had handed them to him at a political rally was not in uniform and he could not prove that he really was a trooper. Jack thought the *Times* reporters had been antagonistic toward him. He did not expect the *Times* story to be favorable.

"They were asking things like, 'Do you think this kind of reporting is worthy of a Pulitzer Prize winner?' " Jack told me ruefully.

"I've been thinking about it," I said, trying to be as tactful as possible. "And it occurred to me that the best thing to do might be to apologize to Eagleton. That way, you'd be out of this thing clean."

"Maybe so," Jack said. "We can talk about it when you come in."

When I got to the office, I sat down at my typewriter and drafted a statement. It took the tack that the report was based upon limited evidence and was intended for only limited use. But instead, it had created a sensation and done an injustice to Eagleton. It ended in an apology.

I personally felt that an outright apology as succinct and complete as possible would have been preferable, but I doubted I could sell it to Jack. He believed the citations had existed and that Eagleton was lying. I thought he might be willing to go along with an apology that fell short of being an assertion that the story was absolutely false. And I felt that the impact of it

Adams Studios

True Davis

would be the same, anyway. Jack Anderson would have apologized. Eagleton would say he was vindicated. End of incident. If the story later turned out to be true, Jack might appear foolish, but not irresponsible.

It was about noon by now, and the first edition of *The Washington Star* was on the streets. On the front page was a story by Bob Walters under the headline "Anderson Backs Off." It quoted Jack's remarks on the interview on Channel 5 the night before, which the rest of the press had missed. The office was immediately besieged with calls from newsmen wanting to know if Jack really was backing off.

Jack read the statement I drafted, then turned to his typewriter and began to fashion his own. About 30 minutes later, it was done. It ran about a page and a half, double-spaced. I thought it was too long, too

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full of explanations and defenses. But it ended with an apology to Senator Eagleton for not waiting until the story was fully verified before using it. I thought it was probably enough to extricate Jack from this worsening jam. I sensed that he was in for some severe criticism for this story. An apology, no matter how hedged with explanation and defense, would take the sting out of any outraged comment. Jack would stay ahead of reaction, apologizing before he was forced to.

Jack called the staff into the office and read the statement. Opal Ginn, Jack's secretary, was strongly in favor of the apology.

"I just don't want you to act like Drew [Pearson] used to," she said. "He refused to ever apologize, even if he was wrong."

I agreed, and so did Joe Spear, another staff writer. But Les, who wasn't aware that I had tried hard and without success to confirm the story, thought it was likely to pan out at any time. He thought Jack ought to ride out the storm.

"Why do you have to make any statement at all," he said. "Why don't you act like the Russians did when Napoleon was advancing. Just sit tight and let them wear themselves out."

"That option is foreclosed," I said. "The *Star*'s out with a story saying Jack's backing off. The entire press corps has been on the phone wanting to know if it's true. Jack has to give an answer."

Playing For Time

A heated argument ensued. It was typical of the office. A roiling squabble over substance, with no hard feelings. Jack listened to everyone, but I could tell he was finding Les persuasive. The reason was not that Les was giving the best argument, but because Les was saying what Jack, at this point, wanted to hear. Jack didn't want to back off when he thought the story might be vindicated at any moment. After an extraordinary streak of major stories, Jack didn't want the humiliation of announcing he had blundered when events might still bail him out.

Les argued that Jack had done something any reporter might have done—gone out fast with a story to stay ahead of the competition. The press, he said, would understand that.

I argued that that was the worst possible justification, but to no avail. Jack had made up his mind. The statement would be rewritten and the apology would go.

One of the reasons I was so eager for Jack to back down was that I suspected the rest of the press, which had also been hearing reports of drunk driving by Eagleton, was beginning to doubt that those reports were true. For example, I had received a call from Paul Duke of NBC News, who said he was appalled that Jack had gone with the Eagleton story without the documents in hand.

The Washington Post that morning reported that one day before Jack went on the air with his report, it had gotten a strikingly similar tip. "*The Washington Post*," the story said, "received a report from a former Missouri official that a highway patrolman approached him at a 1968 political rally with a sheaf of traffic citations allegedly issued to Eagleton. Repeated checks with authorities in Missouri did not substantiate the report."

Jack's statement began just as Les had urged: "For competitive reasons, we went out fast yesterday with a story that Senator Tom Eagleton has been cited for drunken and reckless driving. The story was based on the recollections of a competent source, who personally saw photostats of the traffic citations. We also discussed the story with other responsible sources who had been told of Eagleton's traffic violations."

The statement went on to explain how newsmen are accustomed to relying on confidential sources. As an example, he said, *The Washington Post* quoted an unidentified former

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Missouri official as saying, 'that a highway patrolman approached him at a 1968 political rally with a sheaf of traffic citations allegedly issued to Eagleton.' " That, of course, was a quote from the *Post* story mentioned earlier, which had gone on to say that no substantiation had been found for the report. It was not a good example for Jack to cite.

The statement said, in closing, "In retrospect, I believe I broadcast the story prematurely and should have waited until I could authenticate the traffic citations personally. Nevertheless, I have faith in my sources and stand by the story. If this faith should ever turn out to be unwarranted, I will issue a full retraction and apology."

I thought the statement was not likely to get Jack off the hook, but I hoped that it would. Everyone in the office continued to follow leads in an effort to find the elusive proof that Eagleton had been caught driving drunk. But at the end of the day, no proof had been uncovered.

Taking a Pasting from the *Post*

Meanwhile, Eagleton was counterattacking hard. In the ironic way things often work in politics, Jack's story was helping Eagleton, not hurting him. As long as no proof of drunk driving was forthcoming, Eagleton appeared to have been wronged by Jack. He now had an issue to get himself off the defensive. "I'm not going to let a lie drive me off the ticket," he told cheering crowds upon his return from Hawaii.

I was still asleep when the phone rang at 8:30 the next morning. It was Opal.

"You might as well get up, it's worse than ever," she said. "You should see the *Post*. I thought everything was fine when I read the *Post*'s story on Eagleton. Then I turned to the editorial page. And now Jack's agreed to go on 'Face the Nation' with Eagleton tomorrow."

"Let me look at the *Post* and I'll call you back," I said.

It could hardly have been worse. A large portion of the editorial page was taken up with a piece by Maxine Cheshire, the *Post*'s redoubtable society columnist, whose reputation for accuracy was roughly equal to Drew Pearson's. The article was headed: "Anderson on Eagleton: A Charge That Didn't Stand Up." It began as follows:

"Columnist Jack Anderson does not reveal his sources and I don't reveal mine. So we will probably neither of us ever know for sure whether we both received from the same individual, almost simultaneously this week, the same piece of gossip about alleged drunken driving incidents involving Sen. Thomas Eagleton. This city being the giant rumor mill that it is, it is entirely possible that our sources were not the same.

"What is clear, however, is that the information we both received was remarkably similar, down to quite specific details. What also is clear is that it did not stand up under the sort of examination that any responsible news reporter would be obliged to give it before making it public.

"The Anderson charges, in short, are a classic example of precisely the sort of reporting practices that have brought the news business under increasing attack. . . ."

Cheshire went on to set forth in considerable detail her own efforts to check out the drunk-driving report, which undoubtedly had come from True Davis—someone she would know well from covering the city social scene. Her chronicle was almost an exact copy of the steps I had taken in trying to verify Davis' information. She had spoken to virtually the same officials and the same state troopers. And she had achieved the same results—nothing. At the end of the piece, she wrote:

"Meanwhile, Anderson yesterday was still holding press conferences and issuing statements and making headlines, defending himself and the 'veracity' of his source on the one hand, and conceding on the other

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hand that he 'probably should have withheld' the original report until he had checked it out. . . . By way of added justification for what he had done, he said *The Washington Post*, in a dispatch in last Friday's editions, had quoted an unidentified former Missouri official as saying that a highway patrolman had approached him at a 1968 political rally with a sheaf of traffic citations allegedly issued to Senator Eagleton. Anderson apparently did not think it necessary to add that the *Post* went on to say, in the same dispatch, that 'repeated checks with authorities in Missouri did not substantiate the report.' "

Whew. And Cheshire's piece was accompanied by an equally scathing editorial. "Mr. Anderson," it said, "aired the story without supporting evidence, managed to do an incredible disservice to Senator Eagleton, and now seems to be backing off with a series of lame excuses. Metaphorically speaking, it is Mr. Anderson, not Senator Eagleton who should be charged with reckless driving at this point."

Soft Facts and Hard Truth

The New York Times story, carried on page one, was as unfavorable as Jack had feared. It emphasized that Jack's source had never verified the authenticity of the citations. And the *Times*, too, ran a sharply critical editorial.

I called Opal back to commiserate. She was worried about Jack's going on "Face the Nation" the next day with Eagleton. He had told her that morning that he planned to really "go after" Eagleton. The assumption was that they would both be guests. She thought the panel of reporters would chop Jack to pieces. I agreed. But it occurred to me that Jack might yet redeem himself with an apology to Eagleton on the show. It would be dramatic, occurring live on national television, and it would make Eagleton and the panel seem churlish if they were rough on Jack after his contrition.

The worst thing about this episode now, it seemed to me, was that the longer it continued without some acknowledgment of major error on Jack's part, the more it would look as if he didn't know when a story was proved and when it wasn't. Far from being America's number one investigative reporter, Jack would appear a dimwit with no conscience and no recognition of the distinction between a soft fact and a hard one.

I went out to Jack's house to urge him to use the "Face the Nation" as an opportunity for a dramatic apology and not a chance to clobber Eagleton again. Jack was finishing breakfast in the kitchen when I arrived. In the years I had known him, I had never seen him as tense. He was wearing the seedy, threadbare bathrobe he often wore around the house and which was a symbol to us in the office of his easygoing, unpretentious ways. But there was nothing relaxed about him that Saturday morning. He looked drawn and the muscles in the back of his jaw were working visibly as he sat listening to my entreaties, his mouth a tight line. His hands shook, not much, but noticeably. I could see he was having a hard time taking my pitch for going on the air with an apology. He had heard a lot of noisy advice from me in the past days, and it hadn't been what he wanted to hear. He was close to losing patience, and it was hard to blame him. Then I managed to make things worse by seeming incredulous when he told me he had all along possessed evidence besides the say-so of True Davis that the Eagleton story was true. Two state troopers, one retired, the other still on the force, had told him confidentially that Eagleton had gotten the tickets, that the arresting officers had kept their own copies and the others had been quietly disposed of.

"You mean," I said, "that you had this before you broadcast the story?"

"Of course!" he snapped.

There was a period of silence. Jack looked at the newspaper and I just sat

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there. I didn't know what to say. I had worked on this story with him. I could recall no case where he hadn't filled me in completely on a story we were doing together. What's more, I couldn't think of anything in his public statements that indicated the existence of any source besides True Davis. Yet Jack was indignant that I had questioned him about it. The worst thing was that I wasn't sure I believed him. My impulse was to cross-examine him, but I knew that would never do. The important thing was to try to persuade him to use the Sunday television appearance to get out of this jam.

I went into the den and called Opal. I told her about Jack's mood and said I was afraid he might go on the air and blast Eagleton.

"Suppose I threaten to quit if he doesn't apologize," I suggested.

"No, that wouldn't work. It would just make him mad."

"Well, look," I said, "why don't you come over here?"

She agreed to come. I then called Joe Spear and Les and urged them to come over so the whole staff could discuss the matter.

Played False by True

Soon, they began arriving. Opal came with George Clifford, a veteran Washington newspaperman who had helped Jack with books and was a close friend. Then Joe and Les arrived. Jack was visibly touched at seeing his staff rally around at a time of crisis. We all sat in his living room.

"First let me say," he began, "how much I appreciate your coming. It means a lot."

I jumped in with my argument for an apology, dramatic and gracious, at the beginning of the show. Opal, as I knew she would, agreed. George Clifford thought it might be a good idea to duck the appearance, but Jack was unwilling. He interrupted to explain all the reasons he was reluctant to back away from the story completely.

Everyone else was as ignorant as I had been about Jack's conversations with the two state troppers. He had also spoken to ex-Senator Edward Long, who said he remembered someone on his campaign staff being given some photostats, but the Senator couldn't remember which staff member and had never seen the photostats, according to Jack.

"I'm being criticized for talking to only one source," Jack said. "But that isn't all I did. I've talked to these other sources. They won't let me use their names, but their stories all add up to the same thing. If we can't quote competent sources, we'll go out of business. The other papers are doing it, but we're the only ones who are catching hell for it. The story we had was technically true."

"No it wasn't, Jack," I said. "You said you'd located the documents when you hadn't located them."

"I was out with a correction of that within ten minues," he said.

"I know, but the correction didn't do the job," I said. "On the news that night, everyone was saying simply that you had reported that Eagleton had been arrested for drunk driving."

"I can't be responsible for that," Jack said. "If they don't report what we say accurately, it's not my fault."

And so it went, for the better part of an hour. Everyone, Jack included, seemed to agree that an apology was in order. Beyond that, there were differences.

Les was eager for Jack to outline all the steps Jack said he had taken to check the story. I argued that this was all "mumbo-jumbo" that added up to a chronicle of how we had failed to get a story. The public wouldn't be interested in such details, I said. But Les, himself the most careful reporter of us all, didn't agree. There was no way for me to signal to him my doubts about Jack's version of what had happened. Jack said he thought it was still worth trying to confirm the story. George agreed to go to Missouri to see what he could come up with.

The meeting broke up with Jack

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again expressing his gratitude to everyone for coming. But there was no certainty of what he would do.

Later that afternoon, True Davis did something very peculiar. He went to the CBS studios in downtown Washington and made a public statement that he was Jack's source. Davis said he had "very reluctantly come to

Reni Photos

Thomas Eagleton

the conclusion" that he was the source. He said that he had "discussed some of the things that went on in politics" with Jack back during the 1968 campaigning and, at that time, had shown Jack the photostats of the drunk-driving citations "without realizing it might be made public without verification."

Jack also went to the studio and confirmed that Davis was the source. He said also that he apologized to Eagleton and "to the American people" for making the story public without further checking.

Davis was lying, of course. How could he "reluctantly come to the conclusion" that Jack was now using some four-year-old information when he had discussed it with Jack two days earlier and been interviewed about the matter by *The New York Times* only the day before? What's more, he was now saying that Jack had seen the photostats in 1968, though Jack professed to have no such recollection. Of course Jack, having sworn by Davis' veracity, was in no shape to start calling him a liar. He had to go along.

The "Face the Nation" appearance now took on ever greater importance since Davis had emerged as the source and claimed that Jack was using information imparted four years earlier. The show was to be broadcast at noon but was taped 90 minutes earlier. Shortly after eleven, Opal called.

"Jack apologized to Eagleton," she said. "And he accepted it graciously and praised Jack for his 'moral character.' "

"That's great," I said. "But how do you know?"

"I just heard a slice of it on the CBS radio news at eleven," she said. "It sounded great."

When my wife, Clare, and I tuned in at noon, we were expecting to watch some very favorable developments. And the show began much as the radio report had indicated. Jack asked Eagleton some other questions, then began the following exchange:

"This is the first time I've had a chance to face you," he said, "and I do owe you an apology. I've always told my reporters, Senator, that a fact doesn't become a fact for our column until we can prove it. Now I violated my own rule, and I want you and the nation to know that I violated it."

Jack went on with some explanatory remarks about how he had gotten the story, but he concluded by saying, "I went ahead with a story that I should not have gone ahead with, and that was unfair to you, and you have my apology."

"Well," responded Eagleton, "let me say, Mr. Anderson, that the true test of moral character is, I guess, to admit when one makes a mistake. . . . It takes quite a man to go on nationwide television to say he made a mistake and I commend you for your courage."

Clare and I were shaking our heads in relief and elation. It could not have gone better. A humble apology and a gracious acceptance.

But the next thing we knew, the subject had been raised again and Jack

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was talking.

"I wish I could retract completely the story and say there's nothing to it. I can't—I cannot in good conscience do that."

I had repeatedly urged Jack to say nothing about retraction, just to apologize and let that speak for itself. But he had raised it and he was giving Eagleton a lengthy explanation of why he couldn't "retract the story completely."

"I cannot do that yet," he said. "My conscience won't allow me to. . . ."

Eagleton, incredulous, began to question Jack about why he could not retract, and Jack responded with reasons why he still thought there were unanswered questions raised by information he had obtained from sources.

". . . they have given me specific incidents which I would like to go over with you. In addition, *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch* has quoted a former Missouri official as saying that he personally stopped you three times—"

"Nothing to do with drunken driving," Eagleton protested. "That was never mentioned."

"Well," said Jack, "I would like to exhaust these. I really would prefer to retract everything right here, but I cannot retract a story that still hasn't been pursued to a final end. . . ."

I was stunned. Clare and I looked at each other in horror. Jack had seemed to be out of trouble but now he had gone so far to make clear that his apology wasn't a retraction that it sounded as if he had retracted the apology.

The phone rang. It was Jack. "What did you think?" he said.

"Well, it was fine," I stammered. "But I wish you hadn't brought the whole thing up all over again."

"Believe me," he said, "I was tempted not to. That would have been the easiest thing to do. But I think I did the right thing."

There was no use arguing. "Well, I hope so," I said.

What I hoped, of course, was that the apology part of the show would overshadow all the other discussion. And Monday morning's papers seemed to indicate that it might. Jack and Eagleton were shown together in the studio after the show in a front-page picture in *The Washington Post*. The *Post*'s story mentioned the retraction disagreement but placed more emphasis on the apology.

Still, though, a number of other newsmen told me they thought Jack had acted terribly on the show. I had to agree. Invoking conscience as justification for clinging to this discredited story was outrageous.

But on Tuesday, *The Washington Post* criticized Jack as he had never been criticized before. In an editorial entitled "Jack Anderson's 'Apology,'" the *Post* said that Jack had revealed "some very peculiar and unsatisfactory notions concerning journalistic responsibility—and some absolutely bizarre notions concerning 'conscience.'" The editorial went on, "Having first invoked competitive pressures as an excuse for his behavior—which was no excuse at all—Mr. Anderson proceeded. . . to offer the Senator an apology. Or something." It went on to explain how Jack had apologized and Eagleton had accepted and even praised Jack. "Whereat—or shortly after—Mr. Anderson an-

Answers to the June Political Puzzle:

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nounced, positively stricken with more-in-sorrowism, that he only wished he could 'retract the story completely.'. . . The point, to the extent that one was discernible, seemed to be that Mr. Anderson's conscience would not permit him to retract the story (for which he had already apologized) because it might still prove true.

"The logic in all this really devours itself," the editorial continued. "What exactly was Mr. Anderson refusing to retract if not the allegations which, by his own account, it had been irresponsible to broadcast? . . . For part, we believe Senator Eagleton was right on the money when he objected to the distinction and observed that it hardly seemed equitable to him. Sunday's exchange on the television program did nothing to alter our opinion that the Anderson performance has been a reckless and wholly regrettable excursion into the worst kind of 'journalism.' "

Biting the Bullet

I found Jack at his desk when I came into the office. I have never seen him looking so depressed. He looked up at me.

"Well," he said softly, "your advice was right all along and I wish I had taken it. I want you to know that I appreciate your giving it."

There wasn't anything to say, so I left the room.

The mail that poured into the office in the days after the Eagleton broadcast was overwhelmingly angry. There was too much to count it all, but someone did tally one day's worth—there were 67 letters denouncing Jack, five praising him or telling him he was on the right track. The reaction among Jack's colleagues, at least those I spoke to, was also overwhelmingly negative.

That morning, Jack went up to Senator Eagleton's office to play out the last inevitable scene in this dreary drama. Jack raised the questions he had mentioned on "Face the Nation," and Eagleton gave his answers—all of them denials, of course. Outside Eagleton's office, Jack walked up to a battery of microphones and television cameras to announce that he was giving a "full retraction" of his story. The next morning, he went on the "Today" show and repeated the retraction in a 30-minute, mea-culpa interview with Frank McGee.

I admired Jack for taking his medicine publicly. But I felt that I hadn't been dealing with the same man I had known the past several years. There was something about his compulsion to come up with a story on Eagleton, about his stubbornness in backing away, and his insensitivity to his own standards that was unfamiliar and unexpected. It seemed that Jack had had an upside-down reaction to his own success. Instead of feeling more secure, he felt more compelled. And once he had slipped, it was more difficult than ever to accept the humiliation of admitting the error.

Certainly, I thought Jack had behaved disgracefully in the Eagleton affair. But in the end, he had faced the facts and taken his lumps—publicly. And Eagleton, whatever he said, did not lose his place on the Democratic ticket because of Jack's unsubstantiated charge. He lost it because of his own misjudgment of the mental-illness issue and the insistence of the Democratic party hierarchy that someone without such a history take his place. Eagleton had not been damaged by Jack's charge for more than 24 hours. Then the allegation became a sympathy factor and actually helped him generate support.

The person damaged by the episode was Jack. He had risen to a position of fame and credibility never before achieved by a muckraking journalist and, almost overnight, he had lost it. He had done hundreds of stories as controversial without a slip. And he would do hundreds more before the stain of the Eagleton case was removed, if, indeed, it ever could be. ■

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- ☐ **Peters, Charles**—"Why the White House Press Didn't Get the Watergate Story"
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  Paul, Eliza—"Conning Congress: The Wild Card Story"
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- ☐ **Wright, Frank**—"The Dairy Lobby Buys the Cream of Congress"

WATERGATE

- ☐ **Boyd, James**—"The Ritual of Wiggle: From Ruin to Reelection"
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REPRINTS

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THE CONGRESS

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- ☐ **Peters, Charles**—"Spring Spending Spree"

- ☐ **Galbraith, John Kenneth**—"What Happened to the Class Struggle?"

STATE AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT

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- ☐ **Bethell, T. N.**—"The Medicaid Mess in Kentucky"
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- ☐ **Toynbee, Polly**—" 'I Don't Walk Around With Jobs in My Pocket' "
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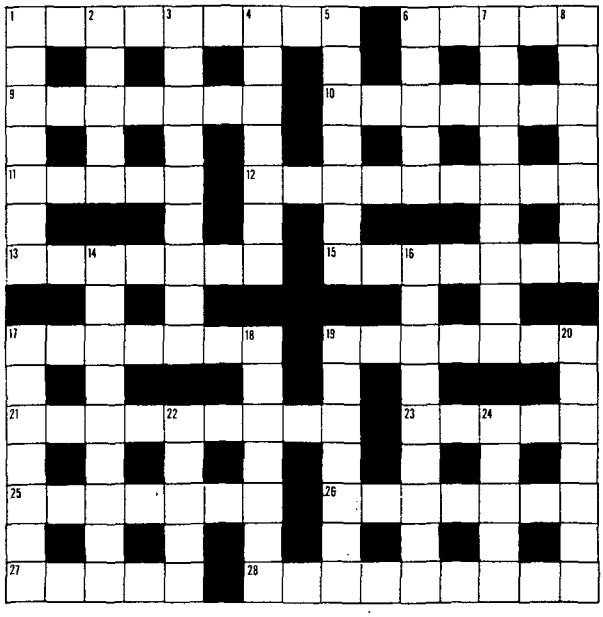
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



ACROSS

1. Nixon talk made Vice President exit left. (9)
6. Brings up referee in addendum. (5)
9. Removed 1 Across to allow indeed. (7)
10. Will be known as the first inoperator. (7)
11. Use pan or this to get kitchen work done. (5)
12. Good person to be with during moon panic. (9)
13. Spanish river in mixed-up needs may cause problem. (7)
15. Mapless tries. (7)
17. What bus to use for laundry trip. (7)
19. Shy tone may be the best. (7)
21. Certainly not overcome by what he suffered! (9)
23. Position left a mark on all of us. (5)
25. Russian river job discourages inquiry? (4,3)
26. Work for a doctor? (7)
27. Lew in short touchdown run back when he lived. (5)
28. Ponders so many remedies for common cold. (9)

DOWN

1. Makes precious head parts in goals. (7)
2. Extreme found in Interpol arrangement. (5)
3. Unite goat on the town. (6,3)
4. Guides to see inside. (7)
5. Yes, 1000 zen fads aid digestion. (7)
6. How can one tape a famous sculpture. (5)
7. Plum tiles are regular repeats. (7)
8. They follow heart or 11 Across. (7)
14. Dire scene at White House for Nixon. (9)
16. Male area in which Mike comes first? (9)
17. Justice due down at this joint. (7)
18. Who ran bike into Watergate? (5,2)
19. What can ghost do—eat sausages, too? (3,4)
20. Sell rye to loudest customers. (7)
22. Cooking of a sort. (5)
24. Roman sweet nothing in dispute among friends. (2,3)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 18.

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Denenberg v. Flaherty: Politics After Common Cause

by Walter Shapiro

That hot Friday afternoon in May politics was all but invisible in downtown Philadelphia. Only ten days remained before the May 21 Democratic Senate primary that would be decided by just two percentage points, but the volunteers on the street were collecting for the Children's Hospital and the cruising soundtruck was heralding the opening of a Rolling Stones' movie. What made this apathy unusual was that the primary involved two of the state's best-known—and most unconventional—public officials.

Herb Denenberg could easily be described as Pennsylvania's version of Ralph Nader. Often called "the first state insurance commissioner that anyone ever heard of," Denenberg made the headlines regularly during his three years in Harrisburg. Thanks to the publication of 26 shoppers' guides, rating everything from life insurance to dentists, Denenberg's statewide popularity grew to such an extent that Governor Milton Shapp often introduced himself as "the man who brought Herb Denenberg to Harrisburg."

Pete Flaherty has been the dominant political figure in western Pennsylvania since he was elected mayor of Pittsburgh in 1969. Running as "nobody's boy" against both the Democratic machine and a well-heeled Republican opponent, he became the first Pittsburgh mayor in years not beholden to the Mellons and the Scaifes. Pursuing a dogged independence that often antagonized liberals and community groups, Flaherty reduced taxes through such economies as trimming the city bureaucracy by 20 per cent. It paid off when he ran for reelection in 1973; Flaherty not only turned back an organization-backed challenger in the Democratic primary, but won the Republican and Constitutional Party nominations as well on write-in votes. Yet as the campaign began, Flaherty was virtually unknown east of the Allegheny Mountains.

This Senate primary can be seen as a test of some of the themes beginning

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to characterize post-Watergate politics. It was a campaign devoid of special-interest contributors, bitter personal attacks, unsubstantiated charges, scurrilous leaflets, or the machinations of political professionals. But most importantly, it was a race where costs were so low that both candidates deserved good conduct medals from Common Cause. Congressional campaign reformers want to limit spending in Pennsylvania primaries to about $650,000 per candidate. Denenberg and Flaherty spent less than one-tenth of that, about $60,000 apiece. Denenberg's money problems stemmed from an inability to raise it. With little support from groups like doctors, lawyers, and insurance agents, whom he attacked while in Harrisburg, Denenberg had to depend on a trickle of small contributions. At one point things got so bad that Denenberg, only half in jest, invited an audience to throw quarters at his feet to help pay for his campaign. Flaherty's money shortage was more a product of his reluctance to raise it. Unlike most big-city mayors, Flaherty has never assembled a network of large contributors—or ever really has seen the need to do so. He did hold one fund-raising brunch in Pittsburgh, but many high-level city employees were not even aware of it, let alone shaken down to buy tickets.

What little advertising the candidates could afford was far from skillfully chosen. Flaherty tried to achieve name recognition in the Philadelphia area through a series of billboards that simply said, "Pete." The fine print which explained who "Pete" was and what he was running for was totally indecipherable to motorists driving by at 55 miles per hour. Many thought "Pete" was Philadelphia Democratic boss Peter Camiel, who was locked in bitter battle with Mayor Frank Rizzo.

Denenberg relied on radio to translate his statewide popularity into primary votes. At times there appeared to be no logic to his campaigning on the airwaves, other than the allure of its low cost. "Once I was in Wilkes-Barre and didn't have anything to do for a while," Denenberg recalled, "so I spent $35 and went on the local radio station for a half hour." Denenberg did produce a number of radio spots, but many of them—including a personal endorsement by Ralph Nader—were never aired because of lack of funds.

There was also no money for the political hired guns (the pollsters, campaign consultants, computer geniuses and direct mail specialists) who have become indispensable ingredients in "professional" campaigns. Both candidates relied on their brothers to manage their campaigns. Other important campaign jobs were also kept in the family. Flaherty's wife, Nancy, handled his scheduling, while Denenberg delegated this responsibility to his sister, Helen. Denenberg's brothers were also the largest single contributors to his campaign. As one observer commented, "This is a hell of a campaign for an only child." Clearly, here was politics stripped to its bare essentials, here was politics reduced to the candidates alone.

As Omaha Goes. . .

After a morning of persistent calling failed to get any answer at the Philadelphia headquarters of either candidate, I finally located the Denenberg command post on two floors of a downtown loft. It looked like the perfect site for a grassroots campaign —all that was missing were the cadres of volunteers. Two weeks earlier almost all the paid staff had quit after losing a power struggle to the Denenberg family. The campaign was now being run by Norm Denenberg, who had come in from his home in Nebraska. According to one former staff member, Norm had the rather disconcerting habit of saying "Omaha" when he meant Philadelphia, as in "let Flaherty carry Pittsburgh, we're going to win Omaha big." Specifics about "Herby's" campaign were not Norm's strong suit, but I did learn that the decision to place a major emphasis on

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radio was based on the advice of "professional media people." Who? "My wife," said Norm.

It was about then that Herb Denenberg arrived fresh from a local television studio. With a three-piece off-the-rack gray suit, glasses, closely-cropped red hair and an Omaha twang, Herb Denenberg looked and sounded like a moderately successful Midwestern dentist. After complaining about the local paper's scanty coverage of his "great liberal speech" to an ADA dinner the night before, Denenberg checked his watch, glanced at me, and said, "We're off to do a little campaigning, want to come along?"

In their understandable reaction to the excesses of Richard Nixon's television campaigns, reformers put a premium on personal voter contact. In theory this is laudable, but an afternoon campaigning with Herb Denenberg began to illustrate the difficulties of putting it into practice. The Denenberg entourage consisted of the daughter of a family friend from Omaha and Roger Gerst, the candidate's 22-year-old driver. The campaign stop was a small craft fair which had attracted more exhibitors than patrons. After going through a "Should we bother? Why not?" routine with his aides, Denenberg went off to greet perhaps 30 potential primary voters in a state with 2.8 million registered Democrats.

Although this was his first political race, Denenberg was a surprisingly good campaigner. He totally lacked the self-consciousness and the fear of appearing ridiculous that prevents many candidates from being successful and others from enjoying the process. (A few days later Denenberg would campaign in a Philadelphia Flyers' jersey, although privately he was appalled at the attention being given the Stanley Cup champions.) That afternoon Denenberg limited himself to hand-shaking and dispensing buttons bearing his slogan when he was insurance commissioner—"Populus Iamdudum Defutatus Est," roughly translated, "the public has been screwed long enough." Although the candidate was generally not recognized, Denenberg's name was quickly identified and a few people even thanked him for saving them money on their insurance.

Denenberg left the craft fair after about 20 minutes when he found himself shaking hands with the same voters for the second time. Once back in the car it became apparent that the candidate had time to kill and no real destination. Taking the long way back to headquarters, we found ourselves on the periphery of one of Philadelphia's ghetto areas. Yielding to impulse, Denenberg decided to use these free moments to demonstrate the extent of his black support. "Let's stop here," he suddenly announced. Roger Gerst, the driver, not seeing anyone but a wino on the street, suggested, "Let's go further in." Denenberg, not relishing the idea, cautioned, "Not too much further in." "No, just a block or two," promised Roger. The car stopped, tactics were discussed ("Should we bring the bullhorn? No,

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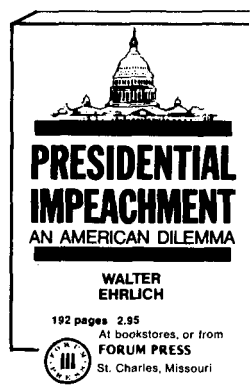

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we don't want a riot"), and a moment later the four of us were inside a corner market under a sign that promised "Fresh Hog Maws at All Times." A few handshakes, a few puzzled looks from the customers, and the ghetto tour was completed.

The Organization Man

The Bellevue-Stratford is the political hotel in Philadelphia. It's there that the organization Democrats traditionally gather on election night, and it was there that Pete Flaherty had his Philadelphia headquarters. The setting was appropriate because Flaherty had the backing of virtually every political organization in the state. Choosing between two mavericks was not easy for machine Democrats. It was a choice between "backing a candidate who wouldn't return your phone calls [Flaherty] and one who would tell you to go to hell [Denenberg]," explained one insider. The party coalesced around the Pittsburgh mayor for reasons that had far less to do with Flaherty's virtues, than it did with the make-up of a balanced ticket. For Democrats, the key race in 1974 is not winning Richard Schweiker's Senate seat which might mean 40 jobs, but reelecting Governor Shapp which means about 40,000. Shapp, who like Denenberg is both Jewish and from the Philadelphia area, has antagonized a number of ethnic Democrats with his liberal stands on abortion, capital punishment and pornography. One doesn't have to be a Carmine DeSapio to recognize what Pete Flaherty could add to the ticket in a state that is 40 percent Catholic.

There was a languor about Flaherty's campaign that was rare for a candidate with serious opposition. For example, the door to the Bellevue-Stratford suite that was serving as his Philadelphia headquarters was locked at four o'clock in the afternoon, just 10 days before the primary. I knocked, the door opened, and there was the candidate, his tie loose, his jacket off and his feet up. He was chatting with his wife, Nancy, and a political crony, and the three of them looked like they had been sitting there since early afternoon and had nothing to do until dinner. This scene and the ensuing 15 minutes of awkward conversation was one of the few glimpses I was able to get of Flaherty during the campaign. Denenberg doted on the press, Flaherty ignored it. Reporters trying to follow Flaherty's campaign were confronted with an almost Catch-22 situation. To learn Flaherty's schedule you had to talk to Nancy Flaherty. To find Nancy Flaherty, you had to already know the schedule, since she was invariably traveling with her husband.

By all accounts there was not much to the Flaherty campaign to miss. The Pittsburgh mayor shuffled through the campaign, appearing at party dinners and going on desultory hand-shaking tours. Other than his wife, Nancy, Flaherty generally traveled without staff. Six weeks before the primary he was discovered alone, wandering aimlessly around the tiny Harrisburg airport, muttering that he thought the state party chairman was supposed to pick him up. The Pittsburgh mayor issued only two press releases during the entire campaign—one announcing his candidacy, the other giving his plans for a week of campaigning in early May. And Flaherty's single piece of campaign literature, apparently written by the candidate himself, focused almost entirely on his accomplishments in Pittsburgh, rather than national issues.

The Great Debates

The Flaherty-Denenberg primary was certainly not the only political race this year without grand themes or lively clashes over the issues. But the campaign's lack of substance was significant because it occurred despite the implementation of some of the favorite nostrums of campaign reformers. It is widely believed that if television stations were willing to provide free time for political discussions and

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if the contenders were willing to appear regularly on the same platforms, the cost of campaigning could be significantly reduced while at the same time enhancing voter education. The problem is that most candidates do not have the rhetorical abilities of a Kennedy or a Nixon, let alone a Lincoln or a Douglas.

Denenberg, Flaherty and the two minor candidates regularly appeared together on television and at various party functions. Typical was a Saturday morning meeting in King of Prussia called by the chairmen of the four suburban Philadelphia counties. For two hours the audience of 70, including a bored reporter from *The Philadelphia Bulletin*, squirmed restlessly on metal chairs in the function room of a local motel as the four candidates droned on with rambling ill-focused monologues. Denenberg and Flaherty said the predictable—they were both against inflation and the giant oil companies and in favor of congressional reform and closing tax loopholes. Flaherty uttered banalities on the order of "I don't think we're getting leadership from either one of our U. S. Senators." Denenberg blustered, "When I get down to the United States Senate, it will never be the same again." These discussions were such routine fare that whenever either candidate said anything out of the ordinary it was major campaign news. That's why the press regarded Denenberg's pro forma charge earlier in the campaign that Flaherty should resign as mayor to run for the Senate as though it were a major issue. For most in the audience at King of Prussia, the highlights of the session were the disjointed answers of a minor candidate, Frank Mesaros, an overweight Greek Orthodox priest who seemed to be running on little more than a pledge to return to the state "three Saturdays out of every month if elected."

Certain issues, however, did play an important role in the campaign, demonstrating that the schisms which ruptured the Democratic party in 1972 have not disappeared. Although clearly to the left of Flaherty, Denenberg failed to attract the support of many former McGovern activists because of his unacceptable positions on the largely cultural issues that define liberal orthodoxy—abortion ("if pressed, if harassed," he'd support a constitutional amendment to limit it); capital punishment (he favored it "as a deterrent" for certain "heinous" crimes); and gun control ("a cosmetic solution"). Side-stepping these controversial questions and focusing on populist economics probably would be a sound strategy for opposing Senator Schweiker in November, especially since the Republican incumbent's own opposition to gun control was a major factor in his defeat of Senator Joe Clark in 1968. But Denenberg forgot that he first had to win a Democratic primary, in which liberal activists would play a significant role. Flaherty had little appeal for liberals (a Pittsburgh McGovern leader called him "a pretty Nixon"), but former Congressman Jim Quigley did. Although Quigley all but abandoned the race when the party machinery lined up behind Flaherty, his presence on the ballot gave some liberals a way of expressing their pique with Denenberg. Quigley won the endorsement of the Pittsburgh ADA, ex-Senator Clark, and reform groups in a few liberal wards of Pittsburgh and Philadelphia.

Ed Muskie discovered in 1972 that there are only two dependable sources of campaign workers in a Democratic primary—liberal activists and the unions. With the AFL-CIO supporting Schweiker ("to prove that we're not the tail on the Democratic kite") and most former McGovern activists sitting the primary out, Denenberg was forced to run an insurgent campaign without the support of insurgents. In a way, Denenberg's dilemma was like that of the hero of *The 39 Steps* who was pursued by both Scotland Yard and the foreign spies he was trying to unmask. Caught in the middle, Denenberg discovered the truth which

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Muskie learned so painfully in 1972—there is no center in the Democratic Party.

Will It Play in Pottstown?

Without money, volunteers, union support or organization backing, Denenberg had to campaign in such a way that would generate vast amounts of favorable attention in the press. But instead, here's the way a typical day went:

It began at six in the morning in the lobby of the Pottstown Holiday Inn with someone's sleepy murmur, "I'll bet H. R. Haldeman didn't start like this." There were five of us—Denenberg, Roger Gerst, the faithful driver, Rem Rieder of the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, Larry Reibstein, a young AP reporter, and myself. Our destination was a huge Firestone plant where, in the time-honored tradition of Democratic politics, the candidate was to greet the workers as a shift changed. There was only one problem—this was a plant where the workers drive rather than walk through the gate. Denenberg tried anyway, shouting "How are you?" at the driver of the first car, only to be drowned out by a burst of acceleration from the custom-fitted twin tailpipes. Denenberg then started to wave instead, but the high-powered cars zoomed by anyway. Suddenly the candidate saw someone on foot—a company janitor in gray uniform and cap trudging toward the side gate. In a state of almost 12 million people, it was an opportunity not to be missed, so Denenberg jogged a quick 30 yards for a handshake.

Bill Sider

A few minutes later Denenberg regrouped his tattered forces, by now bolstered by a few local supporters, and the mayor of Pottstown, at the intersection of Industrial Highway and Firestone Boulevard. There, at a stop sign at the top of a long hill, Roger stood with a hand-lettered sign, "Meet Herb Denenberg—Your Next Senator," as the candidate, standing on the white line dividing the highway, shook hands through open car windows. Denenberg seemed not to notice that

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he was causing a massive traffic jam; at one point, as the line of cars stretched almost to the horizon, he said with wonder, "Look at all that traffic," as if the tie-up were the fault of bad highway engineering.

Driving through morning rush-hour traffic toward Philadelphia, Denenberg returned to his favorite topic—the failure of the press to cover the primary properly. "I'm the only candidate in the race who has any written material," he said, poking a half-dozing reporter, "How come that isn't news? How come that isn't significant?" Then turning to me, "There's your story, that is the story you should write—all about the Mickey Mouse mentality of the press." We then passed a small-town funeral home with its carefully manicured lawn, and the candidate was off in a completely different direction: "I predict in 20 years funeral homes will be used for more than funerals. . . . you know, how schools go year round . . . . it always amazed me how they are the best-looking houses in every community. . . . it's such a waste to limit them to funerals. . . . have weddings and birthdays there too. . . . it would give some unity to life." A few minutes later we heard Philadelphia's all-news radio station, broadcast a bona fide Denenberg radio commercial, in which a female voice invoked Ralph Nader and the candidate's record as insurance commissioner. Denenberg, obviously pleased, said, "That was my sister-in-law, some voice, huh?"

Where Have All the Voters Gone?

Denenberg was planning to visit Philadelphia's Suburban Station during the morning rush hour. In a professionally run campaign, advance men would have funneled commuters into an impromptu receiving line to "meet the consumer champion who will represent you in Washington." Television crews would have been summoned by the promise that Denenberg was going to make a "major statement" on mass transit. Instead the candidate entered the station alone; Roger, his only aide, was trying desperately to find a parking space in downtown Philadelphia. Denenberg was like a bobbing, hand-shaking cork awash in a sea of commuters. As he tried to both introduce himself and distribute his campaign literature, the candidate kept looking plaintively for help from his personal press corps, now bolstered by the arrival of the political editor of *The Pittsburgh Press*.

Unlike our earlier impromptu foray into a ghetto market, Denenberg's mid-morning walking tour of a black slum area was planned in advance. Escorted by the leaders of a local community group, Denenberg toured streets almost devoid of human life. Whenever the candidate did find a hand to shake, the reporters, in the best tradition of pack journalism, would immediately surround the hapless voter to interrogate him on his views of the campaign. The day went downhill from here. A sidewalk rally in the heart of downtown drew perhaps 30 bored spectators at lunchtime on a sunny day. (Two days later, two million gathered in roughly the same spot to greet the Philadelphia Flyers.) A major event on the afternoon schedule was a visit to Progress Plaza, the first black-owned shopping center in the country. The center is in financial trouble, as Herb Denenberg discovered when he tried to find shoppers to greet. At one point he plunged into an empty clothing store where the solitary clerk was talking on the telephone. The candidate, desperate for voter contact, shook the man's hand, picked up the phone, and said into the receiver, "Hi, I'm Herb Denenberg and I'm running for the Senate." This too eventually became tedious and soon the party retreated to the formica tables of the local Roy Rogers restaurant. As we all sipped Cokes, Denenberg, remembering with horror that he was scheduled to spend another hour amid the desolation of Progress Plaza, turned to the *Pitts-*

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burgh Press reporter and, asked "Where do you want to go now?" The reporter, rather stunned by the question, could only mumble, "You're the candidate, Herb."

Around five o'clock, we found ourselves on a busy ghetto corner where passengers alighting from the subway were forced to run a gauntlet of "end of the world" preachers, black separatist pamphleteers, and Herb Denenberg. Suddenly Denenberg was joined by a honking, exuberant, 18-car motorcade organized for a state representative candidate. With Denenberg and the legislative candidate seated in an open car, we drove through ghetto streets, as a microphone repeated slogans like "The word is Denenberg." The enthusiasm was infectious, and it demonstrated the personal involvement which can come with politics at the local level, a level of intensity achieved by only the most genuinely charismatic statewide candidates. Although the passion was borrowed, things finally appeared to be going right for the Denenberg campaign. The buoyancy vanished when we passed, going in opposite direction, a sound truck driven by another candidate for state representative. Seeing Denenberg campaigning with his opponent, he began to shout into his own microphone, "Herb Denenberg, you will be buried. We will bury you. You should have stayed out of local races. We will support Pete Flaherty. Keep white liberals out of our community."

The Campaign Press

Despite Denenberg's strenuous efforts to woo reporters, the day generally failed as an exercise in press manipulation. *The Pittsburgh Press* did note that "there hardly ever seems to be a dull moment" when campaigning with Denenberg, but *The Philadelphia Bulletin* ran a story which undoubtedly gave the candidate scant comfort. The lead conveyed its tone: "Herbert S. Denenberg spent a long day on the campaign trail in the Philadelphia area yesterday, but until late in the afternoon he found audiences hard to come by."

Although this *Bulletin* story was factually accurate, merely reporting what the candidates did or didn't do all day provides readers with little of substance. Nor is it enough to just passively list the candidates' positions on the issues—which was, for example, the sum total of UPI's primary coverage. Instead, the press should take a more active role, conveying clearly the implications of what the candidates are saying. In this race both candidates dwelled almost exclusively on their accomplishments in local and state office. But the press never forced them to explain how this was relevant to life in the U. S. Senate. Did Flaherty, for example, want to lead a crusade to trim the size of the federal bureaucracy by 20 per cent? Denenberg promised to "out-Nader Nader" in the Senate, but weren't his maverick tendencies more suited to an administrative position? These are the kind of questions that the press failed to explore in the Senate primary, even though this is precisely what the voters needed to make an intelligent decision.

Campaign coverage is traditionally obsessed with the details of the political process—who's endorsing whom, what the machine is doing, and which candidate has momentum. But this focus on what the party professionals think is happening totally neglects to explore the impact the campaign is really having on the average voters. The Pennsylvania primary could have been used to answer an important question generally ignored by campaign reformers: if you place an explicit or de facto limit on campaign spending and political advertising, how do voters form their images of candidates and campaign issues? Nothing in the press accounts of the campaign gave any clues as to what prompted one million Pennsylvanians to go to the polls in the Democratic primary or what made them vote the way they did.

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Memo of the Month

Michigan
House of Representatives

LANSING 48901

OFFICE OF THE CLERK
T. THOMAS THATCHER
517-373-0135

May 23, 1974

To: Members of the House of Representatives

In connection with the Vice Preseident's visit on Friday the Secret Service suggests that those Members who may be accustomed to carrying firearms do not do so when attending the meeting.

Very truly yours,

Thos Thatcher

T. Thomas Thatcher
Clerk

When not recounting the candidates' day, the press often ran some variant of a prediction story. A typical one in *The Philadelphia Bulletin* quoted an Altoona party official: "Flaherty's very popular here. Pete Flaherty is going to carry Blair County. I expect it to be about 7 to 5." Not only is this kind of detail of scant interest to most voters, but in this case the prediction turned out to be entirely wrong—Herb Denenberg carried Blair County by the lopsided margin of almost 2 to 1. Trying to capture the campaign's flavor, many political stories dwelled on such trite themes as Flaherty's glamour. For example, *The Philadelphia Inquirer* headlined a profile of the candidate's wife, "Nancy Flaherty: Just Like a Kennedy." Other *Inquirer* stories contained vignettes like this:

People in Greensburg waved from office windows, honked their horns and squealed with delight when Flaherty came through. When Flaherty walked into the county tax office to perform the meet-'n-greet ritual, one woman looked up from her desk and grinned in recognition, "Well-l-l, look who's here. It's Pete! It's Pete!"

Newspaper coverage of the primary was particularly important because television stations throughout the state made almost no effort to cover the campaign, limiting themselves to studio interviews with the candidates.

The Long Count

On election night the mood at Denenberg's headquarters in a Philadelphia hotel-motel complex was celebratory because early returns showed that, contrary to all predictions, the candidate was going to carry the city of Philadelphia by 25,000 votes. This upset was due partly to Philadelphia boss Pete Camiel's decision to distribute almost no election day "vote" money, preferring to save his warchest for his battle with Frank Rizzo.

The enthusiasm was fanned by the returns from affluent Philadelphia suburbs like Bucks County, where Denenberg was getting over 75 per

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cent of the vote. Encouraged by these early returns, Denenberg was in an effusive mood, so effusive, in fact, that he crashed a Ukrainian convention being held in the adjoining hotel ballroom. There he made a speech to the partially non-English-speaking audience that mostly involved the exciting news that his wife, Naomi, was Russian.

This speech was the last hurrah for the Denenberg campaign. By morning it was clear that Flaherty had won narrowly—by a margin of 24,000 votes out of one million cast. This victory was eked out from the late returns from Allegheny County and the rest of the Pittsburgh area, which Flaherty carried by a better than 2-to-1 margin. Quigley received 33,000 votes—9,000 more than Flaherty's margin over Denenberg.

Understanding the returns is easy, if you look at a map of Pennsylvania. Denenberg carried virtually everything in the eastern three-fifths of the state. Flaherty carried every county in the west with the exception of Erie, which he lost narrowly. In short, it was a primary that was decided totally on the basis of the candidates' prior images, rather than by their campaigns. Where Flaherty was well known, he won overwhelmingly. Where Denenberg was remembered from his battles in Harrisburg, the former insurance commissioner rolled up lop-sided margins. The message inherent in a primary like this should make some campaign reformers pause. Here was a campaign that followed all the rules of post-Watergate politics, but here was also a campaign that didn't affect any voters. It now seems possible that, in the name of campaign reform, the money, the television spots, the bands, the bunting and the hoopla may be permanently excised from our politics. But unless candidates develop new ways of communicating with voters—and the press, new methods of covering the campaign—politics may become little more than blindly choosing between names on the ballot. ■

Tidbits

By the Book

The military mind is trained to go by the book. But it is also trained to rewrite the rules when they become inconvenient. The Navy, for example, recently announced that as part of its fuel conservation program it had reduced sailing time by 20 per cent. But UPI got the real story behind the announcement: "The Navy, trying to make it appear that it has been cutting back operations drastically to save fuel, has ordered its ships to change their records on sailing time. . . . [which] had been calculated from the time a ship left port until it docked again. Now. . . a ship. . . will count its sailing time only after it has reached the fleet operating area. . . ."

Another inconvenience was a South Carolina law which forbids governors to hold any other state or federal position. It means that if former Army Chief of Staff William Westmoreland is elected governor this fall, he will have to resign his commission and give up his generous retirement pay. In early June, the Senate Armed Services Committee approved a bill offered by John Tower to grant automatic reinstatement of retirement pay and benefits to any retired officer who had been forced to resign his commission to serve in an elected state office. It is comforting to note, however, that the Defense Department, in commenting on the bill in understated if not unfathomable bureaucratese, displayed some guilt about the effect of this sort of thing: ". . . the enactment of such Federal legislation, by assuring reappointment of a retired Regular or Reserve officer of the Armed Forces who had resigned his commission to accept an office for which a retired Regular or Reserve officer is ineligible because of a State constitutional or statutory provision, appears to avoid the intent of that State constitutional or statutory provision."

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and Outrages

Pettiness at the Post

"President Nixon urged former Attorney General John N. Mitchell to 'stonewall it' and to 'plead the Fifth Amendment. . . .' " began the story in *The Washington Post* of June 14, 1974.

Front page? No, page nine. The reason does not become clear until the ninth paragraph of the article, which reveals that the story had been broken, not by the *Post* but by *The Los Angeles Times*. The irony is that the *Post* had been the victim of similar treatment by other newspapers during the early months of the Watergate story and might be expected to be above such pettiness now. Still, other papers are worse. *The Washington Star-News* ran the story on page 24.

The Dirty and the Dead

Manhattan District Attorney Richard H. Kuh recently won the endorsement of a group of feminists on the ground that in 1964 he had prosecuted the late Lenny Bruce on obscenity charges. Asserting that Bruce was a "sexist, dirty-joke comedian," the women urged the 1,300-members of the Manhattan Women's Political Caucus to support Kuh in his race against Robert Morgenthau.

In a related development, the Connecticut General Assembly has passed eight bills to eliminate sex discrimination, one result of which is that women now have the right to witness executions.

The Double Standard

Leonard Garment has from the early days of this Administration been the White House's man in charge of the arts. Michael Straight works under him as deputy chairman of the National Endowment of the Arts. From 1969 until last month Mr. Straight had arranged for Mr. Garment to rent a 17-acre Fairfax County estate, which includes two ponds, a red brick colonial house, a barn, and a caretaker's house for $275 a month. This story has appeared in both *The Washington Post* and *The Washington Star-News* without one word in either to suggest any impropriety, even though this tidy arrangement saved Garment about $25,000 in rent since 1969. Had a less wealthy government official showered his boss with such largess it would be a major scandal. But when the culprit was someone as socially prominent as Straight, it was all seen as the kind gesture of a friend.

The Average Man Loses a Double Header

Of the multiplicity of screwings that are visited upon the average homeowner, two of the more maddening are:

—the title search fee, usually several hundred dollars for work that seldom takes the lawyer more than 15 minutes

—the escrow account, into which, instead of paying taxes and insurance directly to the government and the insurance company when due, the homeowner is forced to pay the lending institution in advance for taxes and insurance, thus permitting the lending institution rather than the homeowner to receive the interest on the payments.

Until a few weeks ago it seemed like progress was being made toward doing away with both. A federal judge in Virginia held that the Fairfax County Bar Association's minimum fee schedule—under which homeowners were charged one per cent of the purchase price for a title search regardless of the amount of work performed—was a violation of the antitrust laws. In Washington, D. C., two lending institutions agreed, in settlement of a class action suit brought on behalf of 38,000 property owners, to give the homeowners the right to make the insurance and tax payments directly instead of through escrow accounts.

But hark, just as the fair damsel of privilege was about to be run over by a juggernaut of Caspar Milquetoasts, our higher courts came to the rescue. The Supreme Court has dealt a death blow to class action by requiring that the plaintiff pay the cost of notice to everyone in the class. In the escrow suit this would have cost around $5,000, or enough to have kept the suit from being brought in the first place.

In the minimum fee case the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals overruled the judge who said minimum fees violated the antitrust laws. The court said, "We have no doubt that the primary aim [of the fee setting] was to benefit the public."

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The Zero Defect System

by Charles Peters

When I first heard about the White House tapes, my guess was that they would not be clearly incriminating. I supposed that when the President had mischief in mind, he, like most of the bureaucratic commanders of history, would have couched his orders in terms that were defensibly inexplicit —clear enough to signal his real wishes to an astute subordinate, yet sufficiently vague and clothed in high-mindedness to give the commander "deniability" in the unhappy event the subordinate is caught or the tapes are exposed.

The kind of thing I expected to be on the tapes was contained in this paragraph from Nixon's statement on May 22, 1973:

> I wanted justice done with regard to Watergate, but in the scale of national priorities with which I had to deal. . . I also had to be deeply concerned with ensuring that neither the covert operations of the CIA nor the operations of the Special Investigations Unit should be compromised. Therefore, I instructed Mr. Haldeman and Mr. Ehrlichman to ensure that the investigation of the break-in not expose either an unrelated covert operation of the CIA or the activities of the White House investigations unit—and to see that this was personally coordinated between General Walters, the deputy director of the CIA and Mr. Gray of the FBI. It certainly was not my intent, nor my wish, that the investigation of the Watergate break-in or of related acts be impeded in any way.

Some of the taped conversations actually sound like that and would be suitable for playing at one of Mr. Nixon's Sunday morning services in the East Room. But other tapes sound like the minutes of a Mafia meeting. In them, the instruction to Haldeman and Ehrlichman about the CIA and FBI would have been phrased something like this:

> P—Listen, the goddam FBI is going to blow the lid off if they keep after our Mexican Connection. We got to stop them. You call up General Walters and tell him to stop it or it's his ass.
>
> H—Why don't we deal with Helms?
>
> P—That shithead. He's too worried about his reputation with his establishment friends. But we put that son-of-a-bitch Walters in the deputy director's job and he better deliver for us or he'll be back swatting mosquitoes at Camp Lejeune. Tell him to tell Gray that if the FBI doesn't stop, it's going to uncover a top-secret CIA operation.
>
> E—He'll really have to spell it out, Gray has solid muscle in his cranium.
>
> P—But he always salutes the flag, so tell Walters to give him lots of national security jazz. And for Christsake, really move on this thing. We're going to have to wrap ourselves in the goddam flag to get out of this one.

It seems clear then that if Nixon is speaking for history on one tape, he is relying on the erase button on the next.

The reason must have been that he thought he could control the tapes, that the system could be kept secret, that he could decide which conversations would be erased and which preserved to be made public at a time of his choosing. The March 21 Dean conversation would not survive, but the pious portions of the April 16 Dean tape could be used to prove the President's innocence. This means that he had to believe that he could control everyone who knew about the tapes—Haldeman, Higby, Butterfield,

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Butterfield's secretary, the chief of the security division of the Secret Service, and at least two of his associates. At absolute minimum, according to Butterfield's testimony before the Senate Select Committee, these seven people knew.

H. R. Haldeman has given us a clue to the mentality that lies behind the assumption that one can share a secret with seven people and see it remain a secret.

In his testimony before the Select Committee, Haldeman spoke of the "zero defect system" in the Nixon White House. If you can believe in the possibility of zero defects in human affairs, you can believe that the seven would never tell. But Butterfield did tell. Within two years of the installation of the tape system, the secret was out.

And within a year of the burglary, the cover-up had fallen apart and most of the truth was out. Yet at the time the cover-up began, Jeb Magruder says, "It seemed inconceivable that with all our political power we could not erase this mistake we had made."

Common sense and a sense of humor should combine to make us all aware of the frailty of man, of the mischance that plagues his affairs. The World War II term, SNAFU (situation normal, all fucked up), was sublime in the truth of its first two words. Yet a persistent impulse in man says we can do more than *try* to make things work, that we can in fact control reality and mold life into some ideal form. It's a good impulse but only if we retain our ability to laugh at it.

You can believe in romantic love if you can also say, with Rosalind in *"As You Like It,"* that "men have died from time to time and the worms have eaten them but not for love." You can believe in the glories of knight-errantry if you encompass Sancho Panza in your imagination. But to believe without qualification that you can control reality here and now is frightening. And the belief is not confined to the Nixon White House. The most popular comedy of the year, *The Sting*, says the perfect con, even an elaborate hustle involving scores of assistant con men and extensive sets, can be pulled off.

In a truer comedy, *The Producers*, what appeared to be a perfect con turns out to be a disaster. A pro-Nazi musical called *Springtime for Hitler* was produced in New York for the entertainment of the city's two million Jews as a sure-fire way of convincing 300-percent worth of backers that their money was lost. Instead, the critics saw it as a put-on and gave it rave reviews, producing profits that exposed the triple investment to the backers and put the heroes in jail.

Jail is, of course, just where a good many of the Watergate conspirators are at this moment. They aren't Robert Redford and Paul Newman. No one is. But people who think they are, people who can believe that they are always cool in a crisis, that the tapes can be controlled, that leaks can be stopped—in other words, Kissinger and most of the national security bureaucrats as well as Nixon—can believe a lot of other things, too. Like you can give nuclear plants to Egypt and Israel and safeguard them from any military use. Like Canada did with India. ■

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Bill Moyers: His Heart Belongs to Daddy

by James Fallows

Bill Moyers came to the door of his house in Garden City, Long Island. It was a rambling white-clapboard affair set among others far more imposing. Moyers wore blue jeans of the less fashionable, non-Levi variety, boots of soft black leather, and an old sports shirt. He looked smaller and even more boyish than he does on TV.

"Come in, come in, I'm glad to see you. How did you get here—did you walk? If I'd thought for just a minute I'd have driven right over to pick you up."

He took his guest's coat, led him back to a small study in the rear of the house, and equipped him with a beer. "Now," he said, smiling, "tell me," smiling a moment longer, "why on earth would anyone be interested in writing about a 40-year-old has-been?"

The reason, to put it bluntly, is that over the last dozen years many of the people who have worked with Bill Moyers have come to believe that he should be President—or at least that he has the abilities to make the run, and to be a good President if elected. His career in government is often cited as evidence, for Moyers moved from coup to coup in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations. In 1960, having been called at the last moment from a job teaching theology at Baylor University in Waco, Texas, Moyers negotiated for Lyndon Johnson at the Democratic convention and won the Kennedys' respect as the ablest of the Johnson men. When the new administration took office, Moyers moved to the Peace Corps, where he soon became the protege of Sargent Shriver, the director, and later was his deputy director. Together with Shriver, Moyers managed to sell the fairyland concept of the Peace Corps to an overwhelming majority of

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the Congress, a feat of legislative virtuosity unmatched during the Kennedy years.

When Lyndon Johnson became President, Bill Moyers became his closest personal counselor and his policy-making right arm. He directed the triumphant 1964 reelection campaign against Barry Goldwater, and he took a leading hand in drafting the Great Society legislation. Murray Kempton wrote, soon after Moyers came to the White House, that "the President's friends can think of no one of them who inspires in him the trust that Bill Moyers does," and later James Deakin wrote, "It is fashionable to describe Bill Moyers as *primus inter pares* on the White House staff. This is not accurate. He is *primus*."

In mid-1965 Johnson made Moyers his press secretary, largely in an attempt to improve the Administration's quickly deteriorating standing with the press. Moyers succeeded so well in this endeavor that, in the view of some who worked with him, he effectively postponed by two years the onslaught of the liberal press against the war. (Of this, more later.) At the very end of his government career, in January, 1967, Moyers was 32 years old.

In the seven and a half years since he left the White House, Moyers has distinguished himself even more sharply from his former colleagues in the government, for as they have settled back into their law firms and their consultantships, Moyers has moved from stage to stage in the public eye, and succeeded in each of his new pursuits. From 1967 to 1970 he was publisher of the Long Island newspaper *Newsday*; there he oversaw the transformation of a good local daily into a nationally-respected paper perennially on the Ten Best list. In 1971, after a falling out with *Newsday*'s owner, Captain Harry Guggenheim, Moyers wrote a book. It was called *Listening to America* and was generally praised for its sensitivity to the national mood. Arthur Schlesinger said it was "brilliant in its reporting, its evocation of place and mood, and its understanding of the national folly, anguish, and hope," and Anthony Lewis called it "beautiful, marvelous."

Later that year, Moyers moved into public television. When he announced this spring that he was giving up his weekly public affairs program, "Bill Moyers' Journal," John J. O'Connor of *The New York Times* called it "one of the most outstanding series on television," and Richard Schickel, in *Time*, said Moyers was "television's best regularly scheduled observer of the American scene." Edward R. Murrow's widow wrote Moyers a letter saying that he reminded her more of her husband than anyone else on TV.

You Feel So Good

After that kind of build-up, it is often hard to approach the golden boy without a sense of suspicion, not to say resentment. But in the four or five hours I spent with Moyers and his family in May, I saw what everyone had been talking about. Rarely has conversation been so enjoyable. Never had I been made to feel so comfortable, so much at ease, so well-respected by a man whom I had, after all, come to inspect and write about. As his television programs have demonstrated to those who never saw him in action at the White House, Moyers is able to discourse with eloquence on the grand themes of the Republic. But unlike other bright men in high places (Goodwin and Sorensen come to mind), Moyers uses his intelligence not as a rapier but as a comforting blanket to wrap around his guests. In this he possesses a "political" skill, in the nobler sense of the word. "Bill just made you feel so *good* when you were around him that you didn't care what he was doing," one of his government associates had told me earlier; and after eating fried chicken and potato salad with Moyers and his wife Judith, after hearing him laugh and tell stories on himself that others had told against him, after wearing

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one of Moyers' old jackets to go to the Little League field and see his son's team get trounced, and after running out the door with Moyers to his car so I could catch the late train to Manhattan, Moyers saying "Good luck with your career" as we shook hands, I went away with the rosy feeling that people were better than I had thought, and Moyers one of the best. I understood what Harry McPherson, one of Moyers' associates in the White House and a man of no mean gifts himself, meant when he told me, "I remember saying long ago that I'll be damned if I'm going to spend another ten minutes wondering about Bill's future, when I've spent 300 hours that way before. And here I am doing it again."

Who could help but wonder when, in the summer of his fortieth birthday, Bill Moyers played Hamlet, pausing to consider his alternatives. He had canceled his television series at the very height of its critical and popular acclaim, and, as he had done at similar junctures in the past, he accepted petitioners bearing offers from a diversity of professional worlds. Would he go to Washington to become publisher of the *Star-News*? Take over Frank McGee's position on the "Today Show"? Write the book about Lyndon Johnson the publishers have been clamoring for? Spend a year in reflection at Cambridge University in England, or become president of one of the dozen colleges that want his services here?

Politics was not even on his list, and Moyers has time and again gone out of his way to renounce it. No try for the Presidency in his future, nor even the Congress or Senate. The difference between his own idea of himself and what others expect of him is a gulf explicable by the particular form in which ambition has presented itself to Bill Moyers.

'Go, Goddammit'

Ambition is usually one of the more straightforward matters a politician must deal with—he wants the office, and he asks people for their support. The question is more complicated for Bill Moyers because until quite recently his career consisted not of normal political advances but of service to a series of patrons. Even before Johnson there had been Millard Cope, publisher of the newspaper in Moyers' hometown of Marshall, Texas, the man who gave Moyers his first job—at $10 a week as a reporter—and who was enough of an influence that Moyers' first son, Cope, was named after him. According to Walter Jenkins, who arranged for Moyers to come to Senator Johnson's staff for temporary work in the summer of 1954, Cope was nearly heartbroken when Moyers did not return to Texas to take up the position Cope had been grooming him for as editor of the paper.

But Johnson was obviously the crucial patron. Moyers' big break came in 1960, when Johnson was preparing his run for the presidency and Moyers was growing ill at ease at the seminary. Johnson wanted him to work on the campaign, and Moyers eagerly accepted. He started out as a personal assistant, handling the clothing and the baggage, but soon he was "executive assistant" and liaison with the Kennedys.

After the election, no one doubted that Moyers could have had a job at the White House if he had wanted it. That would have meant breaking away from Johnson and the dead-end job as executive assistant to a frustrated vice president, but the Kennedys would have welcomed him.

For the first month or two of the new administration, Moyers stayed with Johnson, living in Johnson's house and sharing what must have been dark times of the spirit for the man who had given up the Majority Leadership so that he could preside impotently over the Senate and make ceremonial speeches about the space program. Moyers had heard about the Peace Corps, and something in it appealed to his sense of moral obliga-

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tion, his desire to do *good* during what he still regarded as a temporary excursion into government.

He asked Johnson whether he might go to the Peace Corps, and Johnson said no, I need you here. So Moyers asked again, and again was turned down, until one day the time was right. Johnson was in one of his somber and contemplative moods, having just returned from a funeral in Texas. As he sat in his chair Moyers came to him and asked, once more, about going to the Peace Corps. Johnson looked up at him and said, "*Go*, goddammit, if that's what you want," and he was off.

It was a sea of idealistic sharks, the Peace Corps in those early days, full of people Moyers' age and even younger, ready to deliver good to the peoples of the world and ready to be placed in charge of the others who were doing good with them. Moyers started out as an associate director in charge of public affairs. This meant recruiting, and developing the enormously successful campaign of Peace Corps ads—but first it meant selling the Peace Corps to a generally skeptical Congress. Opposition was coming not just from the fringes, but from such mainstream figures as outgoing President Eisenhower.

Starting out this far behind, Shriver and Moyers did such a superb job of salesmanship that when it finally came time to vote they had resounding majorities from both House and Senate.

Moyers' performance on Capitol Hill won Shriver's loyalty and undying admiration. Within months of his arrival Moyers had, by sheer accomplishment, made himself Shriver's protege and prime candidate for advancement. Like his other young competitors at the Peace Corps, Moyers did not intend to stay too long at the lower levels of the agency. Shriver was, after all, John Kennedy's brother-in-law, and so the directorship was not an immediate target of opportunity. But the deputy directorship was lightly defended, and it became the young men's goal.

The ambitious young people like Moyers were idealistic, but they were still ambitious enough to use Byzantine tactics to get ahead. Many of the young sharks were, at 23 or 25, too young to get the jobs they wanted, as general counsel or deputy director, so they did the next best thing: they made sure that stooges were appointed to the jobs, so that they would have a clear shot when the time came. Warren Wiggins, an associate director in charge of overseas operations who was the last man in the race with Moyers for the deputy directorship, must have known that it was all over when Moyers got *his* stooge, a man named Paul Geren (who capped his career with service as consul general in Salisbury, Rhodesia) appointed deputy director. Then it was only a matter of time, until January, 1963, when Moyers took over the position himself.

Two Seconds Sooner

Moyers displayed other bureaucratic skills at the Peace Corps, and he used them to defend the power he had gained. He developed great webs of personal loyalty, enmeshing those below him in a form of comfortable bondage. To those serving beneath him, Moyers offered not only his charm but also an unfailing willingness to bail them out of tight situations. He was always the one you could go to if you thought you were getting screwed, and most of the time you could count on his help. ("What do you mean we've got a problem with the White House?" Sargent Shriver said once after Moyers had left the Peace Corps. "Isn't Bill Moyers still working there?") It was in many ways a feudal arrangement; in exchange for his *seigneurial* protection Moyers obtained the personal loyalty of those he defended. But unlike a feudal alliance, the loyalty was freely given, the product not of explicit exchanges but of affection and respect.

Less than a year after he became

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deputy director, Moyers was drafted for political work. In November, 1963, he was sent down to Texas to "advance" John Kennedy's fence-mending trip. On November 22 he was having lunch in Austin when news of the assassination came.

Moyers rushed to the airport, chartered a plane, and arrived alongside Air Force One in Dallas in time to pass Johnson his famous note, "I'm here if you need me." Of course Johnson did need him that day, and Moyers took a place by the President's side he would not relinquish for more than three years.

"We were sitting at home, doing something stupid, crying," says Coates Redmon, who worked at the Peace Corps and whose husband, Hayes Redmon, was Moyers' assistant at the White House. "We were watching TV and we saw the plane land in Washington. Lyndon Johnson—'President Johnson' still sounded strange—got out. Right over his shoulder you could see Bill Moyers' face. I remember, at that moment, we all went ah-h-h-h-h-h-h. Not that there was anything wrong with it, but Bill had known what to do when the rest of us hadn't. Some other people might have had the same instincts, but Bill had them two seconds sooner." The irony is that even if Moyers had been on the other side of the world that day, Johnson would probably have called him back and promptly installed him in the inner office. He was the one who least needed to rush to the plane, but he was the one who did.

For at least the next two years Moyers was the closest man to Johnson in the White House, serving not only the confidant's function, like Harry Hopkins, but also taking a leading role in developing the crucial pieces of Great Society legislation and in managing the 1964 campaign against Goldwater. Moyers shared Johnson's determination not simply to beat Goldwater but to roll up the tremendous margin which would give LBJ his "mandate"; to that end, Moyers directed the series of chilling TV ads which portrayed Goldwater as an H-bomb fanatic.

During this first year in the White House, Moyers nursed his hope of returning to the Peace Corps as director. Later it became a sour joke, with reporters chiding him, "When are you going to drop that line?" But for a while it was a genuine possibility. It was a sign that there was something more than hustle to Moyers, for many of his old competitors at the Peace Corps would never have turned down a spot at the White House.

Moyers prepared for the transfer as skillfully as he had when maneuvering Paul Geren into place. He knew he needed some time to persuade Johnson to let him go back, and in the meantime, he needed to start opening up the position. He did his best to get Shriver appointed director of the new Office of Economic Opportunity, and then convinced Johnson to keep Shriver at the Peace Corps *too*. That way, when the time came to make his move, he would not seem to be attacking Shriver but instead rescuing him from his crushing burden of overwork. But Johnson was not to be persuaded. When the need for a full-time Peace Corps director became acute, he toyed with Moyers, telling him he was going to appoint Moyers' friend Harry McPherson, and finally sat him down to say, "You're not going to get the job, and I want you to get that into your head."

And so Moyers moved full-steam into management of Johnson's White House and of the Great Society. These days, which were brightest for Johnson's presidency, were also best for Moyers' personal standing. It was then that stories began appearing like the one Tom Wicker wrote for *Harper's*. "Johnson's Good Angel," it was called, and it described the bright, selfless young Texan who added a principled touch to the otherwise rowdy Johnson White House. The accomplishments Moyers says he is proudest of also came from this time; as he told Patrick Anderson in 1966, "The newspaper clippings in my wife's

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bureau drawer will fade, but no one can ever take from me that the Higher Education Act and the Elementary Education Act bore something of my mark, even if it was only a tiny toeprint."

The good days began to come to an end in July, 1965, when Johnson made Moyers his press secretary. The reasons for the appointment are complicated, and it is impossible to say which was most important in Johnson's mind. Moyers' unbelievably good press must have been part of it. It was clear enough that Moyers was the boy genius of press relations—at least when it came to getting coverage for himself—and to Johnson it must have seemed natural to put him out front when the Administration was being taken apart in the papers. The nominal reason for removing George Reedy, who had succeeded Pierre Salinger as press secretary, was a condition described as "painful hammertoes," but there was no mistaking the implication that Reedy was being shoved out of the way so bright Bill Moyers could come to the President's rescue. Reedy, who generally maintained his sense of perspective better than others on the White House staff, remained bitter for years, imagining that Moyers had elbowed him out of the job.

Consciously or unconsciously, Johnson may also have been working a subtle revenge on Moyers. Within the inner councils Moyers had by this time begun to raise questions about the Vietnam war. It was clear that as press secretary much of his work would consist of selling the war to the reporters. To Johnson, what form of punishment could seem more exquisitely appropriate than impaling the dissenter on the issue of his own dissent and letting him squirm? And Johnson must have savored another delicious twist of the situation—that Moyers, who had been Number One at the President's side for nearly two years, would forever after be stuck with the label "press secretary," lumped in the same category with the Salingers and later the Zieglers rather than with the Sorensens and Hopkinses where he belonged.

Moyers himself had no illusions about the meaning of the appointment, neither about his position in the White House hierarchy nor about the difficulties of coming across as an honest press secretary without angering a President who liked to keep a lot under his hat. He must have known, too, that if he was at all interested in salvaging his role as head policy man on the staff, he would have to find a way to free himself of the maddening operational duties of a press secretary.

The Not-So-Secret Dove

It was a good long while, though, before outsiders could see that Moyers was in a doomed position. Moyers' old charm and stroking ability went into play on the reporters, with the result that most members of the White House press *felt* closer to him than they had to Reedy or Salinger. He could make friends across the intellectual and political spectrum; as Patrick Anderson wrote in *The President's Men*, "He found it expedient to deal with writers at the lowest possible level of sophistication. To a reporter who demanded no more, he could make as banal a declaration as 'I can't make the President do a gosh-darned thing he doesn't want to,' but to the intellectual and introspective Murray Kempton he declared, speaking of his return to the Peace Corps, 'I sometimes feel the way Odysseus did when he said how he longed to see the smoke leaping from his own island.' "

Johnson knew that the reporters liked Moyers better than they liked him ("That boy Moyers is getting his picture on the cover of *Time* when his job is to get my picture there"), and his pique may have blinded him to how good a job Moyers was doing of projecting Johnson's good side. Because they believed Moyers, and even when not believing him on specifics, respected him generally, reporters

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tended to absorb the full-featured and human version of Johnson he presented. This meant that, for example, Hugh Sidey, perhaps the most sensitive observer of the Johnson Administration, and the reporter Moyers most respected, presented through 1966 a view of the Administration which any man less vain than Johnson would have recognized as enormously sympathetic. On July 8, 1966, after Johnson began bombing near Hanoi, Sidey wrote:

> The President was the loneliest man in town when news of the oil-dump bombing at Hanoi and Haiphong came out. . . . He is, in his soul, a dove. But in running the Vietnam war, Johnson places mind over heart, experience over hope.

And on October 28:

> What he wants for those nations [of Southeast Asia] and these people is not so different from what he sought for his home district when he was a Congressman. . . . For the President, the underprivileged people of the Pacific have replaced his neighbors in Blanco County. . . . He has the notion that he would like history to remember him as the Pacific president.

Sidey was certainly no pawn of Moyers, but reports like these illustrate an attitude which Moyers played a crucial part in shaping. Many reporters sensed that Moyers was troubled by the war and that he was doing what he could to bring things around from inside. In fact, even before he became press secretary, he had started to develop an anti-war *maquis* within the White House.

His style was not to stand and argue, as the in-house Devil's advocate, George Ball, had been encouraged to do; like others at the President's ear, Moyers knew his strength was his access in the private moments, and not participation in the general debates. He concentrated on providing extra information for the President, which would keep reminding him of Moyers' ability to smoke facts out of the underbrush. He discovered, in 1965, that George Ball's dissenting memoranda, intended for the Presi-

The Screwing of the Average Man

A Washington Monthly Book by David Hapgood Coming in October.

If you earn your living by drawing a salary, you're probably being screwed. If you aren't rich and powerful, you're almost certainly being screwed.

This book tells you how—not with the stridency that usually protests social injustice, but with a literate wit that once you stop laughing will make your blood boil even more.

It's the first book to expose all the major screwings the average man is heir to—including those administered by lawyers, doctors, bankers, and insurers. It is also the first to explain why the poor know they're being screwed but the average man doesn't.

The reason is that he is given just enough crumbs from the table of the mighty to keep him hoping for more instead of complaining about the little he's getting. His $50 tax deduction silences protest about the millions saved by the rich. The average man is thus today's version of the house nigger of the Confederacy, so grateful to be inside with the rich folks that he forgets he's still a slave. After reading this book, he'll never forget again.

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dent, had been getting to McGeorge Bundy's desk and no further. He took it upon himself to bypass Bundy and bring the papers to Johnson. It was a move likely to please Johnson, who would see that Moyers was serving as extra eyes and ears again, but considering the still-Promethean stature of Bundy, it was a courageous act as well.

As time went on, Moyers and his assistant, Hayes Redmon, made a concerted attempt to develop their own sources of information, as well as passing on what had become clogged elsewhere. Out of this network came not a general change of policy but a number of small victories. According to James Thomson, who was a State Department Asian at the time, they included: the President's speech at Johns Hopkins University, at which the long-awaited "carrot" was produced for our carrot-and-stick policies in Asia; another presidential speech, this one in West Virginia, opening the door toward China a crack; and the shooting down of several outrageous proposals for covert activities in the Pacific.

Even though the exact details of the Moyers-Redmon operation were unknown on the outside, enough of the general line-up was clear for reporters to see that Moyers was at work. Knowing what they did about his views on the war and respecting his character and abilities as much as they did, members of the liberal press (that is, the people who started hammering away on the war policies two years later) sensed that, as long as Bill was on the inside, the madmen couldn't have taken over. Somehow Moyers and Redmon would pull something off; and when a ray of hope, like the Johns Hopkins speech, did appear, it was easy to take it for a turning point. At the least it was a faint sound of reason, which could make you draw back for a few months before writing that scathing editorial on the war.

Even more important, Moyers was part of an effort which focused everyone's attention on the *bombing*, rather than on all the men we were shipping off to war. When you celebrated each bombing pause and took it as a sign that the war was almost over, you would could forget that our commitment of armed forces was growing every day. There were less than 20,000 American soldiers in Vietnam when Moyers came to the White House with Johnson, and roughly 30 times that many when he left. But that was not what most people wrote about, because they were concentrating on the B-52s. Moyers was not conning the press so much as he was conned himself—most of his own inside efforts were directed at the bombing. But, intentionally or not, he helped to postpone the tide of criticism which finally drove Johnson out of office.

Two Tries for the Prizes

As he had in the Peace Corps, Moyers used his network and his skills with the patron to angle for promotion. He felt he might escape intact from the dread press secretary job and free himself of the chores which were consuming so much of his time if he could win one of the big prizes. Biggest and most attractive of all was McGeorge Bundy's position as National Security adviser, which opened up when Bundy resigned at the end of 1965. In the three months between Bundy's departure and the appointment of Walt Rostow in the spring of 1966, Moyers made his bid. James Thomson says: "As the hiatus went on, no one had the guts to call a meeting of the National Security Council staff, because that would have been the key.

"Finally one day someone did call a staff meeting. It was called for noon, and it was called by Bill Moyers. This meant to me that he was about to get the job, or that he was making his play.

"The meeting began. We were about four minutes into it when Moyers was called away by the President. It was to announce that Rostow

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had got the job."

Sharply aware that he had to escape the press-secretary trap if he hoped to survive in the White House, Moyers made another bid, this time for the position George Ball was giving up as Undersecretary of State. Here the odds were all against him. The symbolic demands of international diplomacy required that blue-bloods fill the position; Moyers' abilities were not enough to offset his North Texas State Teachers College background. But such were his efforts that when it came time to fill the position, Johnson had to bring in invincible armor—Nicholas DeB. Katzenbach, Princeton, Oxford, Yale, upper-crust, Attorney General—to hold Moyers out.

So as 1966 wore on, conditions were deteriorating on every front for Moyers. He had become, in Johnson's eyes, not only "Mr. Stop the Bombing," but also the boy who kept trying to weasel out of the job Johnson wanted him to do. The press was now and then losing its patience with Moyers, and Johnson's exasperation was even more frequent. What has frequently been described as a father-son relationship between Moyers and Johnson began disintegrating as Johnson expressed his disappointment and Moyers his independence.

Finally one other element tipped the balance. Moyers had an older brother, James, a man uniformly described as "pleasant" and "nice," though lacking Bill's obvious talents. James had worked for the Freeport Sulfur Company since 1953, and by 1965 he was an advertising manager. In September of that year Bill arranged for him to come to the White House, a move which cost him pension rights at Freeport. One year later, at age 39, James killed himself, and Bill felt immediately responsible for support of James' wife and two daughters. Money suddenly assumed new importance for him. He announced in December, 1966, that he would leave his $30,000 job at the White House for *Newsday*, where he would reportedly earn three times as much and where he was presumptive heir to Captain Guggenheim's operations.

For two proud men who had been as father and son, it was a cruel separation, with many pained feelings on each side. Soon afterwards, Johnson began talking about "the day I fired that boy Moyers," and even in his four years of retirement on the ranch would not consider a reconciliation. Moyers showed his loyalty in his own way, turning down the many offers to write about Johnson and resigning quietly, not in a great burst of principled objection and denunciation. Johnson did not make a point of deriding Moyers in public, although his book, *The Vantage Point*, mentions Moyers only seven times, compared to 80 for McNamara, 34 for Hubert Humphrey, and 18 for Arthur Goldberg. Only one of the mentions is remotely flattering, and three certify that Moyers was present and acquiescent when controversial military decisions were made.

Doris Kearns, a White House Fellow who filled part of the void left by Moyers, says that in his years at the ranch, Johnson was bitter toward Moyers, but even more was he hurt: "He just couldn't talk about Bill in the same jaunty tone he would use to denounce other people. He could scream about Eric Goldman with enthusiasm and invective, but he had such feeling and trust and caring for Bill that it was different when he spoke of him. He would talk about Bill as you would talk about a really good person who had fallen into evil hands. He believed that the Kennedys had sucked Bill away. He couldn't understand that other people might have their own interests and ambitions, and that it wasn't tantamount to disloyalty to Lyndon Johnson to leave."

Another Patron

In leaving Johnson, Moyers did not free himself of patrons, for he went to *Newsday* under the wing of Captain

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Guggenheim. The Captain was a deeply conservative man (he supported Goldwater and the Long Island Republican machine), and at age 76 he was anxious to find a trustworthy heir to take over the paper. That Moyers, Lyndon Johnson's boy and proponent of the Great Society, would seem to Guggenheim a fitting candidate is testimony to Moyers' great ability to persuade others, especially patrons, that he was trustworthy, sympathetic, exactly the kind of person they were looking for. Almost never was this by calculation or dissimulation, but rather by Moyers' natural intuition about people and his gifts as a personal diplomat. Captain Guggenheim was hell-bent for victory in Vietnam at the time, and he may have thought that the President's right hand man would be, too. It is easy to imagine Moyers warning him, saying that his views were not exactly the same as the President's on all points and that he would have to be free to run an independent paper and call his shots as he saw them; it is easy to imagine, too, that Guggenheim would hear all this but never quite understand that someone he liked as much as Bill would seriously disagree with him.

Guggenheim was almost never at the office, spending his time instead in Florida or at his beloved horse stables, and Moyers had a free hand in the daily operations. Despite Guggenheim's own philosophy, *Newsday* had traditionally been a solid local paper of liberal inclination. As long as his wife, Alicia Patterson, was alive, Guggenheim confined himself to the business side of the paper and left the editorial policy to her. When the paper endorsed Adlai Stevenson for President, Captain Guggenheim wrote a separate signed column supporting Eisenhower. After Alicia Patterson's death in the early '60s, Guggenheim assumed general control, but the paper did not change as much as the difference in their political outlooks might suggest.

The most important change in *Newsday*'s orientation did not occur until just about the time Moyers was hired. It was a change dictated by the paper's changing audience. Long Island was less and less an outpost of Manhattan, and increasingly a self-contained region. "We have five times the circulation of the *Times* out here," said Paul Laventhol, the paper's managing editor. "Moyers sensed that *Newsday*'s horizons had to widen. We'd do a story on the Congo instead of leaving it to the *Times*. We were a primary paper just like a paper in St. Louis would be." Moyers added reporters to cover the stories that had previously been left to *The New York Times*, and he encouraged a general overhaul of the paper's format. He emphasized a livelier, more magazine-like approach to local coverage, and imported people like Laventhol, who earlier had created *The Washington Post*'s "Style" section, to revamp the news page.

After Moyers had been there for two years, *Newsday* won two Pulitzers—one for an investigative series about corruption among local officials and the other for the work of a cartoonist Moyers had brought to the paper and personally encouraged.

He Needed to Have Gone to Harvard

Moyers made some enemies among the old-line editors he had to move out of the way, but hostility against him was no greater than would be expected for a man who was shaking up an organization. Far more serious were the troubles developing between Moyers and the Captain. Richard Nixon was a kind of hero to Guggenheim. When he saw the paper's columnists and editorials knocking the President day after day, Guggenheim became convinced that Moyers was the dupe of radical "left-wingers" who were out to subvert the paper, if not the country as a whole. He was encouraged in this belief by the local Republican leaders who had been the targets of *Newsday* exposes.

The situation took a turn for the

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worse when Guggenheim suffered the first of several strokes in 1969. His accusations became wilder against the "left-wingers" who were ruining the paper. The Captain knew he was dying of cancer, and when he finally realized that Moyers was not going to follow his orders and purge *Newsday* of left-wingers, he set about selling it to *The Los Angeles Times*. The final, sad irony, for both Moyers and the Captain, is that Guggenheim accomplished not a thing by selling *Newsday* and forcing Moyers out. He believed he was entrusting the paper to steady, square old Norman Chandler, reigning elder of *The Los Angeles Times*, but Chandler's son Otis was actually the man in charge. Under the *Times*' ownership, most of the people Moyers hired are still there, and the changes he encouraged are being carried out.

Deprived of what had seemed a secure base, Moyers entered a period in which his old nemesis, the need for conventional respectability, rose again to dominate his judgment. Even in the government, where his power made up for several dozen Ivy League degrees, Moyers had been abashed by the traditional Eastern credentials. At the Peace Corps, he hired one assistant, Dick Nelson, for no apparent reason other than that he went to Princeton; another of his assistants, Blair Butterworth, was the son of an ambassador. In the White House, Nelson enticed Moyers into getting Princeton's Eric Goldman hired as the in-house thinker, a move Lyndon Johnson, in one of his sublimely correct judgments, considered the biggest mistake of his presidency. The Katzenbach-Ball episode, of course, did little to build his confidence in his own non-pedigreed worth.

At *Newsday* he had the same problem. David Gelman, who came to *Newsday* under Moyers to run the editorial pages and who generally has the highest praise for him, says, "My only complaint about Bill was his attraction toward the mighty. When we were arguing editorial policy on the war, he was always susceptible to what 'Henry'—Cabot Lodge—had told him the other day, because Henry had talked to him as an equal, and Bill was still somehow surprised to find himself in the company of the mighty. So he would tell us what Henry had said, or Averill, or Ellsworth Bunker. He could first-name them, and he was beguiled by that."

Put Them All Together, They Spell Daddy

Those who doubt there is a vicious class system in this country need only consider the case of people like Moyers—more talented than 90 per cent of the graduates of Harvard and Princeton and Yale, wiser and more able than the habitues of the University Club or the great foundations, still they are boys from North Texas State, seized by genuine anguish at not having acquired the credentials in time, and often tempted to make themselves into something they are not.

For Moyers, the extreme point came in 1971, when *Listening to America* was published. He had had the wisdom and the sensitivity to write about common people and their opinions. Yet on the back cover of the book he stared out from a Fabian Bachrach photo, like a junior John J. McCloy. On the cover he identified himself, after all he had done, this way:

> Bill Moyers, 36, is a Trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation, a Director of the Council on Foreign Relations, and a Member of the Board of Visitors of the John F. Kennedy School of Government at Harvard University.

What could twist Bill Moyers into this embarrassing obeisance to meaningless credentials? This was the grotesque version of an attitude which had pushed him from patron to patron before—Cope, Shriver, Johnson, and Guggenheim. The Eastern Establishment was a type of patron, too. Put them all together, they spell Daddy—the Daddies Moyers turned to

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for advancement at each stage of his career. He was never a sycophant to these Daddies—indeed, he could have stayed longer with Lyndon Johnson if he had emulated Jack Valenti—but it was to the Daddies he always turned for help. Getting-it-from-Daddy, rather than striking out on his own to get if for himself, has affected not only where he's ended up but also the means by which he got there.

For one thing, it meant that Moyers was playing to the boss, or potential bosses, rather than to his peers and subordinates. "I had perfect confidence that Bill would always protect me against a screwing," said a man who worked with him in the Peace Corps. "But I had equally perfect confidence that he would never lift a finger to promote me, especially into a position I'd be very good at." As a protector, Moyers was a genuine hero; after firing 17 people from one Peace Corps division he spent two days on the phone finding them all other jobs. Protection was important as a means of maintaining his base.

But promotion, a shove into the limelight—that was something else again. Those who worked with him most closely have generally disappeared from the public eye. One of Moyers' assistants, Wilson McCarthy, left the Johnson-Moyers world after the 1964 campaign. He had been a campaign advance man and had run into troubles with one of Johnson's secretaries. At a bon-voyage party, Moyers, a practical joker of great renown, gave him a picture of the President signed, "To Wilson McCarthy, who made one advance too many." Since then McCarthy has not been heard from in public life. Another of his assistants, Hal Pachios, is quite a talented man, but his big "break" in working for Moyers has not exactly made his name a household word.

Hayes Redmon, the Air Force captain Moyers had lured from the Pentagon and who did so much in Moyers' anti-war network, had a tragic end. It was a fast pace, working on Moyers' staff, and in 1967, soon after Moyers had left the White House, Redmon had a heart attack. He was in his mid-thirties. He spent the summer recovering on Martha's Vineyard, and then, as his reward, went right to work as assistant to another legendarily hard-driving taskmaster, Edwin Land of Polaroid. During the next five years, his health deteriorated, and in the fall of 1973 he had another heart attack and died.

Controlling the Story

Relying on Daddy can also produce an eagerness, like Henry Kissinger's, to have a spotless public record and to avoid the kind of slugging-it-out in public that is the cost of political careers like those of Kissinger's and Moyers' bosses, Nixon and Johnson. During the course of preparing this article, I developed enormous sympathy for those White House reporters who sensed that Moyers was somehow controlling their stories when he was in the White House. It was bad enough, from my point of view, that so many of Moyers' present and former associates believe he *will* become President, because this encourages them to speak of him only in terms that would bring a blush to the cheeks of Louis XIV. In case anyone's devotion had flagged, Moyers also managed to have lunch with nearly everyone I saw in the week or two before I met with them. On one memorable occasion an interview was interrupted because Moyers was on the phone calling the person I was trying to talk to.

Moyers himself could not have been a more cooperative or cordial subject for an interview, but while I was sitting in his living room watching him pat his children lovingly on the head and listening to him flatter my professional and personal conceits, I could not help suspecting that something was going on. A few days later Moyers called the editor of a magazine based in the town where I will live next year, a fine magazine in need of

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extra editors, and told him what a hot prospect I would be. I would love to think that it was purely my charm that made him so obliging, but the nagging doubt remains that he might have handled me differently if I had been interviewing him for a story on, say, the national debt.

I don't mean to imply heavy-handed calculation on Moyers' part; I'm sure that at least two parts good will, five parts subtlety, and nine parts intuition were involved in these gestures. But his reaction does suggest that Moyers has a thinner skin about public criticism than anyone this side of Kissinger. He may also have been affected by his experience on public TV, which has made him a figure of trust to many thousands of people. While Moyers has been free enough of the star syndrome to turn down the "Today Show" offer, he did come to enjoy the genteel celebrity public TV provides. One producer who has worked with him says, "There is something that happens to people who get on camera. You could see it happen to Bill. As the season went on he was on camera more and more. When he would tell you that a program 'lacked substance,' you knew what he really meant was that he wasn't on camera enough." What he got by being on camera was a personal constituency. His followers spoke up when he announced he was dropping his show, and the letters he's received from them have obviously moved him. "They're from people to a person, a real human personality,'" he wrote me, "and they talk about life and politics and the country in the warmest, most intimate terms, as one close friend confides in another." It would be natural, with such a constituency, to do your best to keep looking pure.

The letter from which the preceding quote came was perhaps the most interesting of Moyers' attempts to direct the story. On June 5, 1974, Moyers' fortieth birthday, an eight-page, single-spaced letter arrived in this office. Its return address was Moyers' home in Garden City. The signature at the end was "Spectre Pliny," who said he was "writing on behalf of my friend Moyers, for whom I have long been amanuensis if not alter ego."

The letter was a detailed rebuttal, philosophical rather than argumentative, to the questions and criticisms I had raised with Moyers—and those I had asked his friends. It showed a curious mixture of self-awareness and blindness about Moyers' strengths and weaknesses, and is interesting because it does give at length Moyers' own explanation for why he has not gone into politics: "My man doesn't think politics is all that matters. That politics is everything and that politics is nothing are (in his judgment) two fatal illusions in our society. One illusion leads us to be consumed by it: men and institutions alike. . . . It leads some men to think the only way they can be useful is to hold office. But the democratic experience (and here I'm paraphrasing my boss) can't be confined to politics. It is not only elected legislatures and governments, the secret ballot and conventions. Its fabric is far more complex (hike up your pants, we're getting deep). It has become, as Moyers sees it, the whole range of human conversation among a people looking to fulfill the seemingly irreconcilable appetites for liberty and order. . . .

"Somehow, he feels, the gap between the two illusions has to be bridged by romantics who are willing to whore after reality, or vice versa; he thinks these people are communicators (not journalists or transmitters, but *communicators*: people who can convey not only facts and information but symbols of meaning: values as well).

"That explains the real reason he hasn't gone into politics. . . . He has discovered these past few years that he is part of a process that overflows politics and in our particular age may be the only place for people like him."

Of course holding office is not the only way Bill Moyers could "be use-

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ful," but his determination not to enter politics may reflect a larger consequence of relying on Daddy. The world of patrons and appointive office involves very different forms of ambition and failure than those a politician, or even a small businessman, encounters. The politician and the entrepreneur are people who must expose their ambition to the public. They are saying *I want this office*, and *I want my project to succeed*, and they must openly ask for support on those terms. In the appointive world, ambition is veiled and consists of living one's life so that others will come with offers. The risks are also muted, at least when compared to the public spectacle of losing an election or investing oneself fully in a project and seeing it fail.

The point of this distinction is not to show that politicians are "braver" than their appointees—often they are simply less sensitive—nor to say that Moyers is somehow not living up to his potential by not running for office. Rather it is to suggest, in Moyers' case, how reliance on the patrons can close off paths of activity that otherwise would seem natural. For one thing, confining your choices to the options others present postpones the time of figuring out what *you* want to do and be held responsible for. Moyers' experience may also have affected his attitude toward defeat. He has suffered setbacks in the last dozen years—he would have preferred not to be press secretary, and he would have loved to stay at *Newsday*—but he's never really lost. As each of his brief careers has ended, the next has been waiting right there to beckon him on. When he left the White House, *Newsday* was waiting, and when he was squeezed out there, Willie Morris encouraged him to write *Listening to America*. Other friends suggested public TV, and now that he's given up the "Journal," he is again a coveted prize, sought by many.

If you have started winning as early as Moyers and have never had a serious defeat, losing can become a more terrible prospect than it needs to be. If you haven't been down you don't know that down's not so bad and that you can step up again. The chanciness of any run for office Moyers might make—he is estranged from his constituency in Texas, and the Democratic machine in New York State might not adopt him without considerable persuasion—seems to have deterred him before he has even tried. He stands a chance of joining that great tradition of the public figure waiting for the "draft" or the sure thing—Sargent Shriver, for example, who wouldn't run for the governorship in Maryland in 1966 even though the coast was fairly clear on the Democratic side and the Republican candidate was named Agnew. He had his ear cocked for Richard Daley's call "drafting" him to run for office in Illinois, but it never came. When Shriver finally was drafted in 1972, it was for the vice-presidential nomination—just about the only nomination you can get by appointment. Moyers probably nurses fewer illusions about the possibilities of a "draft," and so has decided to stay out of politics rather than run in risky circumstances.

Three of Moyers' friends tell the same story about him. Two left government to set up their own businesses; the third was a free-lance writer who interviewed Moyers in the White House. To each of them Moyers said, "I envy you—it must be great being on your own." Moyers' television series was a step in this direction. Although it was sheltered by those soft institutions, the foundations and the public television bureaucracy, it did represent an attempt to lay himself on the line in a situation where he couldn't blame the President or the Captain when things went wrong. One almost wishes the show had been panned, so that Moyers could have gotten out of bed the next morning, seen that the world was still there, and realized he could set out on his own. ■

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Kissinger and the Brothers Kalb

by Roger Morris

Our thanks go first to Henry A. Kissinger, who, as an historian as well as a statesman, understands the critical importance of primary sourcing . . . . He appreciates the difference between journalism and history, as we do.

from the "Acknowledgements" of *Kissinger**

Indeed. Written by two veteran diplomatic correspondents, obviously the stuff of "long interviews" with the subject and his few associates who also *know* the story, this is a vintage Washington insider's book on American foreign policy. And true to its genre, it is very disappointing.

There are occasional tidbits of novel information in *Kissinger*, but they are introduced only to be dropped and left, maddeningly, without analysis or elaboration. More often its 549 pages are simply banal, strewn with the trivia of "Henry's" travelogs. The book is yet another symptom of the absence of investigative reporting in the most dangerous area of public policy. It even seems a disservice (no doubt inadvertent) to Kissinger himself, who is both more human and less disingenuous than the Kalbs portray him as being.

In a sense, the best passage in *Kissinger* is its brief introduction, a somewhat reflective overview of the remarkable man and his mixed record. The respite is short-lived. Too soon we plunge into that press corps naturalism that has so long passed for (in the words of the Book-of-the-Month Club's paean to *Kissinger*) "a rich knowledge of contemporary history." There are the endless comings and

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**Kissinger*. Marvin Kalb, Bernard Kalb. Little, Brown. $12.50.

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goings of sleek blue and white jets, the inevitable speedings of black limousines, the knowing description of secret rendezvous points (oh, yes, the reader sees, *Henry* must have told them). And, of course, we hear the intimate words of the mighty—not to tell us much, but just to assure us that we did not miss anything. Did you know Brezhnev plucks his eyebrows? "Do I look brutal?" he asks, and we are witnesses to history. To make matters worse, most of this is written in a breathless, admiring narrative reminiscent of one's first literary encounters with historic personalities: *Meriwether Lewis, Boy Explorer.*

But the major flaws of *Kissinger* lie in substance rather than style, in what the book might have been had the talent and experience of the Kalbs (both are veteran television correspondents) broken free of the conventions of diplomatic journalism. *Kissinger* observes one of the primary laws governing the media's coverage of "Henry": ignore or dismiss what he ignores and dismisses. So while this book, ostensibly a "report on one man and his central role in the history of our time," does follow Kissinger through his exploits in Paris, Hanoi, and Moscow, it says almost nothing about many of the other crucial and ominous foreign policy events of the past five years—the alienation of Japan, the collapse of the dollar and world inflation, or the development of the international food crisis that threatens unprecedented mass famine this autumn.

Then there are the *lesser* issues like the Nixon military assistance policies, the U. S. role in the overthrow of the Allende regime in Chile ("We can't let a country go Marxist," Kissinger reportedly told a secret White House meeting on clandestine operations, "just because its people are irresponsible"), or policies toward human rights outrages from Brazil to Burundi. These are not Kissinger stories, of course. No sleek jets or disarming jokes to the press here. But the other equally "inside" realities of world politics in "our time" are involved—unemployment, hungry and sick children, tortured prisoners, and the corporate corruption of international relations. The Kalbs even spare us the seamier side of the items that Kissinger does talk about. We are told, in part, how Kissinger deals with General Thieu or Le Duc Tho, but are left to guess about how he reacted to the My Lai investigation or what he thought of the Tiger Cages.

Quick Glimpses

If some subjects are unmentionable, many that *are* mentioned are tossed into *Kissinger* with cryptic brevity. And these almost stories, begging to be told, could have been worth the price of passage. There is confirmation, for example, that Melvin Laird and Kissinger fought "like two tough tigers" over Vietnam, the cost of weapons, and the 1971 Indo-Pakistani war. Yet, incredibly, there is no analysis by the Kalbs of the substance and course of that fateful debate, which, on those subjects alone, involved millions of lives and billions of dollars. Whatever the issues, it was a revealing relationship, redolent of the trust and honor among the nation's highest officials now immortalized in the presidential tapes. The Kalbs do let us know that Henry's "first reaction was to blame Laird for the leak" when the Pentagon Papers appeared.

But then one supposes the problems with Laird were minor compared to Kissinger's plight in Nixon's White House. One source tells the Kalbs that Kissinger's relations with the rest of the White House staff were "as intimate as Caesar and Brutus." After the collapse of Vietnam negotiations and the terror bombing of Hanoi in late 1972, Kissinger is reported to have said, "Haldeman nearly got me. He nearly got me." Still later, after his adversaries had been fired and he was appointed Secretary of State, Kissinger is quoted as saying Haldeman and Ehrlichman were "men with a

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Gestapo mentality." So much for fear and loathing in the West Wing. But the Kalbs never take us beyond these bizarre asides—to the pervasive impact of this atmosphere on foreign policy, to the implications of such characterizations for Kissinger personally and his sense of public service and responsibility, to what it can tell us and history about the "man" and "our time." It is not only a matter of discovering how government really works behind the press briefings, though that is serious enough. We owe Kissinger, and especially those who come after him, a more candid understanding of these ethical tensions in democratic government, and what we expect of the men who deal with them.

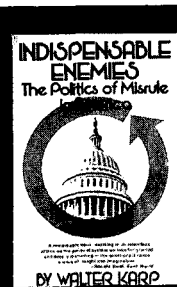
White House ethics are scarcely the only intriguing subject the Kalbs run past us without the analysis it deserves. On page 300, as Henry and RN review the options for hitting the North Vietnamese in the spring of 1972, the list tersely includes "Nuclear weapons?" "Rejected," says the next, and last, word on the subject. It must have been an interesting discussion—World War III and all that. But you won't find out about it here.

Eleven pages later, Laird tells the Kalbs, "Henry always enjoyed those military briefings, and he tended to believe them—especially when they fit into his strategy." Even considering the source, the remark raises the most serious questions of past and present policy by a man consistently portrayed by the press as a steadfast opponent of Pentagon excesses. Yet, again, the Kalbs' report on "one man and his central role" gives only passing attention to the decisive elements of bias, temperament, and information in decision-making.

Brushing Reality Aside

In *Kissinger*, between the jet flights, telephone calls, and press briefings, policy seems to be born whole, springing with magic coherence from the mouths of Nixon or Kissinger. The reality, as the Kalbs surely know, is quite different. Foreign policy, like any other, comes howling into the world blind and bare, with painful and often brutal birth pangs in the bureaucratic process. Kissinger and Nixon sometimes evaded or dominated that process, sometimes compromised with it, sometimes surrendered to it. Each approach, for what it achieved and what it cost, is worth describing in a book that pretends to be serious about foreign policy. But *Kissinger* is astonishingly superficial in that respect.

Nowhere is that shallowness more striking that in the Kalbs' account of the 1972 SALT negotiations in Moscow, in which the national and bureaucratic stakes were so high. The Kalbs tell us that in the last hours of that bargaining on the momentous question of limiting offensive nuclear weapons the President made a final offer mainly because "he figured he could go no further if he hoped to retain JCS support for SALT." There,



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suddenly, amid the toasts and summit gossip, the bureaucratic reality intrudes, and then disappears. Of all the excruciating bargaining in Washington before Moscow, of Kissinger's historic victories and defeats in the White House basement long before he got to the Kremlin, there is hardly a glimpse. "JCS support for SALT," men with "Gestapo mentality," Henry and his affinity for "military briefings"—all belong to a world less dramatic perhaps, but ultimately more important in American foreign policy than any secret flight to Paris or Peking. Until we have understood that—and this book is scarcely reassuring—the bloody lessons of the last decade are still unlearned.

This chronic failure to look beyond the surface of diplomacy also puts the Kalbs at the mercy of their subject in describing some of his less glorious moments. Kissinger, we will all be relieved to know, "did not have time" to deal with the 1971 repression in East Pakistan that murdered thousands, drove ten million into squalid exile in India, and led to war on the subcontinent. The U. S. just "found itself siding with a corrupt Pakistani military dictatorship." It was the impersonal "White House" (not Henry, presumably) that recklessly ordered the *Enterprise* into the Bay of Bengal.

When it was all over, Kissinger "seriously considered quitting his job." For Henry, write the Kalbs, it had been "a personal disaster." Not because of the enormous human costs of the policy, however (a cost not yet fully paid, for the expulsion of U. S. agricultural technicians in the 1971 crisis helped contribute to the mass famine which is descending on India this summer). The problem was that he seemed to be "losing presidential favor," suspecting that his White House colleagues had arranged for the leak of the embarrassing Anderson Papers. The fears, it turned out, were probably groundless. The President had his own suspicions about the leak and set the plumbers on a trail that led to a navy yeoman and the Joint Chiefs.

It is clear enough *whose* version this is, but whether there is other, conflicting evidence, or what the implications of this extraordinary episode were, the Kalbs apparently "did not have time" to investigate. Their concluding paragraph on the Pakistani tragedy captures the tone and depth of this and much more in the narrative: "Those were dark and gloomy days for Kissinger. They began to brighten up a bit only after the India-Pakistan crisis had vanished from the front page, and the President presented him with new diplomatic challenges."

Prisoners of the 'Primary Source'

At worst, the Kalbs bring Kissinger through his "gloomy" times with this subtle exoneration, basic motives intact. The Soviet wheat fiasco? Henry was "so eager to conclude the deal that he ignored or didn't see intelligence reports about the magnitude of the Russian crop failure. . . neither Nixon nor Kissinger appreciated the economic ramifications of the deal. They were concentrating on linkage... and they never looked beyond that." It was as simple as that, folks. Everything you suspected about agribusiness, the Departments of Commerce and Agriculture, and the Administration's manipulations of the wheat sale in the hurried quest for detente and reelection is all explained away by the lofty nuances of one-man diplomacy. And what about a foreign policy conducted with this degree of ignorance or neglect regarding economic issues with profound domestic impact? "Next," the Kalbs continue, and we are soon back in the comfortable confines of Paris with Le Duc Tho, free of those messy, unanswered questions on undiplomatic subjects. Nowhere in more than 500 pages and the "record" of five years does *Kissinger* provide a thoughtful analysis of international economic issues.

The book breaks some new ground

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but suffers the same limited "primary sourcing" when the narrative reaches more recent events. Kissinger seems to have given the authors a look at Brezhnev's threatening message that triggered the controversial October, 1973, alert of U. S. forces. "I will say it straight," they quote the Soviet leader, referring to Russia's threatened intervention against Israeli violation of the ceasefire, "that if you find it impossible to act together with us in this matter, we should be faced with the necessity urgently to consider the question of taking appropriate steps unilaterally." That message, combined with electronic intelligence indicating the alert of Soviet airborne units, makes Kissinger's case for a firm U. S. response, if not a full-fledged alert. But again the Kalbs obviously have the story chiefly from the least disinterested source. More investigative reporting might have answered the disturbing question, for example, of why the President of the United States stayed in bed a floor above an unfolding nuclear confrontation with the USSR. As it is, "not even Kissinger has given Kissinger a straight 'A' for crisis management on the night of October 24-25," privately admitting that "the global nuclear nature of the alert was too extreme." "Clearly not Kissinger's finest hour," conclude the Kalbs. How did it or could it happen, and might it happen again? But the chapter is over, and we're off to the Middle East.

As for Watergate, not surprisingly, the Kalbs have been no more curious than they were about the more sordid details of diplomacy. In the wake of Kissinger's Salzburg outbursts and the new doubts about his role, at least in the wiretaps of subordinates, the Kalbs' gentle description of how the taps began is worth quoting: "Nixon's trusted palace guard suspected that the leaks had originated with members of Kissinger's newly recruited NSC Staff, and he *found himself* on the defensive. He was, in fact, outraged by the leaks; and in an attempt to demonstrate his own loyalty, he *joined* the search for the leakers. He knew that FBI wiretaps were quietly placed on 13 government officials, including seven members of his own NSC Staff, and four newsmen." [emphasis added]

Later, after the scandal had broken, Kissinger told the Kalbs that he "always suspected" his own phones were bugged and the taps on the 17 were really to incriminate him. As for other Watergate issues, he never knew about plumbers, and he "recommended" that Nixon "cut all ties" with Haldeman and Ehrlichman and release "all relevant tapes" demanded by the Special Prosecutor and Senate Watergate Committee.

The Call The Kalbs Never Made

On balance, the Kalbs pronounce, Henry comes out like "Lancelot among the brigands." Perhaps. But one could never rest the doubts with the evidence here. On an issue which Kissinger now regards, whatever his view earlier, as fundamental to his continuing in office, an issue which involves, after all, the Fourth Amendment as well as the integrity of the Secretary of State, the authors show no signs of research and investigation beyond news clippings, news conference transcripts, and the assurances of the principal.

In *All the President's Men*, Bob Woodward recounts his telephone call

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to Kissinger to ask whether he had placed the wiretaps after an FBI source told Woodward they had been placed at Kissinger's initiative.

The White House switchboard put Woodward directly through to Kissinger's office. It was about 6:00 p. m.

"Hello," the familiar voice said in a heavy German accent.

Woodward explained that they had information from two FBI sources that Kissinger had authorized the taps on his own aides.

Kissinger paused. "It could be Mr. Haldeman who authorized the taps," he said.

How about Kissinger? Woodward asked.

"I don't believe it was true," he stated.

Is that a denial?

A pause. "I frankly don't remember."...

Woodward said that two sources had specified that Kissinger had *personally* authorized the taps.

A brief pause. "Almost never," he said.

Woodward suggested that "almost never" meant "sometimes." Was Kissinger then confirming the story?

Kissinger raised his voice angrily. "I don't have to submit to police interrogation about this," he said. Calming down, he went on, "If it is possible, and if it happened, then I have to take responsibility for it.... I'm responsible for this office."

Did you do it? Woodward asked.

"You aren't quoting me?" Kissinger asked.

Sure he was, Woodward said.

"What!" Kissinger shouted. "I'm telling you what I said was for background."

Woodward said they had made no such agreement.

"I've tried to be honest and now you're going to penalize me," Kissinger said.

No penalty intended, Woodward said, but he would not accept retroactive background....

Woodward consulted Murrey Marder, the *Post*'s chief diplomatic reporter. Did reporters usually allow Kissinger to determine, after an interview, whether it was going to be on the record, off the record or only for background.

Well, yes and no, Marder said. Technically, Woodward was right, but most reporters who covered Kissinger regularly let "Henry" place statements on background after the conversation. Half an hour later, Marder came by Woodward's desk to say that Henry had called him to complain bitterly about his interview with Woodward. Marder, Bernstein and Woodward went into [managing editor] Howard Simons' office to discuss what had happened....

Simons' phone rang. He picked it up, gave a few grunts and switched the call to the speaker phone so everyone could hear.

"Tell the assembled multitude, Bennie," Simons said.

It was [executive editor Ben] Bradlee, speaking from his home in a stiff German accent. "What are you guys doing?" he asked. "I just got a call from Henry. He's mad."...

Kissinger, moving up the line from Marder to Bradlee, was doing what in diplomatic circles is known as "hardening your position." His statement to Bradlee was that it was "almost inconceivable" that he could have authorized the wiretapping.

"Almost inconceivable" is not a denial, Woodward noted, and argued for the story.

But it was nearly eight, too late for the first editions. Simons decided to hold it...

Perhaps the most telling criticism of *Kissinger* is that after 549 pages, from Furth to Damascus, I literally cannot imagine the authors ever making that first call Woodward made to the FBI, let alone the cool, adversary conversation with Kissinger.

The Real Vietnam Story

The Kalbs' apparent *tour de force*, and the section of *Kissinger* most likely to attract attention, is their description of the diplomacy of ending the war in Vietnam. The chapter on the collapse of the negotiations, October to December 1972, is easily the best in the book. Yet the Vietnam narrative raises more questions than it ever attempts to anwer. It mirrors too the crippling reliance on Kissinger, the lack of independent analysis, and the sometimes exasperating naivete that mar the rest of the book.

The first half of *Kissinger* traces the subject's pilgrimage from innocent negotiator to sometime dissenter on the mining of Haiphong. It is not a path easily followed. Kissinger apparently had "no trouble" justifying the bombing in Cambodia, or lying to the public and Congress about it, but 20 pages later, without further comment, we learn on the eve of the Cambodian invasion that the bombing hadn't

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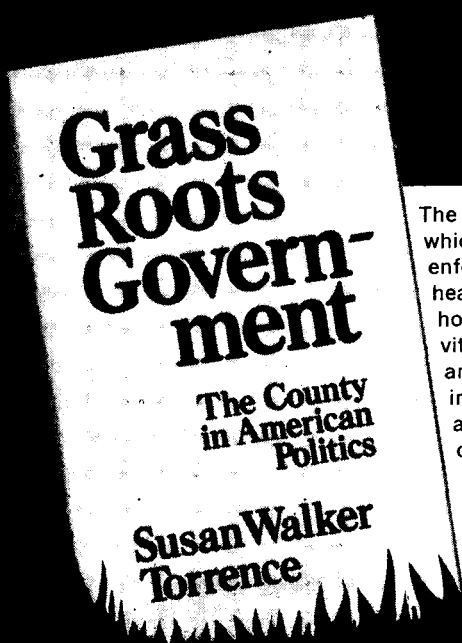
accomplished anything significant anyway. Kissinger returned from a snubbed commencement speech at Brown in 1969 "tenaciously committed to the restoration of trust between government and the campus," but three months later was uncritically accepting military intelligence (as the Kalbs do, too) that the North Vietnamese were preparing a "real slaughter blow" against Saigon early in 1970, "the sobering realities," the Kalbs say, "of approaching winter."

The secret talks with Hanoi begin in the summer of 1969; but by early April 1970 it was "pointless to continue." The Cambodian invasion and the Laos debacle by South Vietnam follow in response to Communist provocations over the next year, with Kissinger in the latter case showing "little enthusiasm" but doing "nothing to block it." Yet Henry keeps negotiating in good faith, "bending over backward to meet Hanoi's objections." And "it was only in the third year of his official negotiations with the North Vietnamese" that he "finally" realized that Hanoi "really expected the U. S. to join them in displacing Thieu." The Kissinger here has "misread" the enemy, had his "optimism" misplaced—a man of peace counting on negotiation.

What their primary source neglected to tell his biographers was that there was an NSC study of the mining of Haiphong and the carpet bombing of Hanoi—a "savage" blow, as he told his staff, to bring "a fourth-rate" industrial power to its "breaking point"—as early as the autumn of 1969. (The distinction between the two elements of the attack—the mining of Haiphong with its risks of confrontation with the Soviets, and the bombing of Hanoi with its inevitable civilian deaths—was never drawn.) Opposed by Secretary Laird and Kissinger's own staff analysis as militarily unavailing and disastrous in domestic terms, the "option" was set aside, complete with a draft presidential speech. Kissinger began the Viet-



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nam negotiations as he ended them, intent less on a lasting bargain with Hanoi than on an episode of ruthless intimidation, whatever the human cost, that would allow a "decent interval" to avoid a vividly imagined right-wing recrimination in the United States.

Thieu's Regrets

Much of the continuing frustration with the Kalbs is that they seem to be on the verge of such perspectives and are never quite interested (or informed?) enough to follow through. Nixon "had rejected" mining Haiphong, they throw in casually without discussion, when the Chiefs raised it in 1970! So close yet so far from the "record." The flaws of the Kalbs' "primary sourcing" are still more serious, however, as they try to follow their subject through the final, bloody months of war and diplomacy. Here *Kissinger* suffers not only its own incongruities, but also some embarrassing contradictions with a recent investigative report by Tad Szulc ("Behind the Vietnam Cease-fire Agreement," *Foreign Policy*, Summer, 1974). These questions, we should remember, are not academic; they are against a backdrop of thousands of American casualties and incalculable carnage in Indochina.

Exactly when and how did Kissinger drop his insistence on North Vietnamese withdrawal from the South? The Kalbs say, almost in passing, that it was in October, 1970. Szulc argues convincingly that it was not until April, 1972, in Moscow; that the concession broke the negotiating deadlock; and that Kissinger had clung through three years of war to the fiction of mutual withdrawal despite an NSC study in 1970 which concluded that expulsion of the North Vietnamese was impossible. The Kalbs acknowledge that the Soviets did pass along to Hanoi the non-withdrawal concession after the 1972 summit, and progress then was rapid. But *Kissinger* never grips the most stark question: Was the war and its slaughter needlessly prolonged on an issue Kissinger always knew he would abandon?

Finally, and most Byzantine, how did Henry deal with General Thieu? The point seems central to Kissinger's reputation and to the savage carpet bombing of Hanoi at Christmas 1972. Szulc recounts that Kissinger deliberately deceived Saigon on the negotiations, never warned them about giving up mutual withdrawal, negotiated a political arrangement behind Thieu's back, and in total dissimulation encouraged the South Vietnamese as late as August 1972 (he was already near a deal with Hanoi) to prepare an invasion of North Vietnam! The price of all that, says Szulc, was the now-famous Thieu refusal to approve the October 1972 "peace is at hand" deal, the resulting collapse of negotiations, and the terror bombing which was designed to appease Thieu after his humiliation by Kissinger's diplomacy. On most of these major points, the Kalbs are unaccountably vague. They tell us how Henry looked in Saigon in August, 1972, but precious little of what happened. There was a breakthrough in the autumn of 1972, but Henry began somehow to "ignore" the details, "assuming" these would be taken care of by "technicians and bureaucrats." "In the grand rush toward the finale," says *Kissinger*, "there was simply not enough time to scrutinize the fine print. . . the *Americans* [emphasis added] were careless." So when Henry flies off to Saigon, on his way to Hanoi and destiny, it all falls apart. The acceptance of North Vietnamese troops in the South was "not new," but General Thieu seemed visibly upset about it. He balks. "This is the greatest diplomatic failure of my career!" the Kalbs quote Kissinger talking to a Thieu advisor. "I'm sorry about that," answers the Vietnamese, "but we have a country to defend."

So Kissinger "found himself" between Nixon, Hanoi, and Thieu, and entering the "three worst months

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of his life." The upshot is an effort to get a "token withdrawal" of North Vietnamese troops and other retroactive changes from the Kissinger-Tho October agreement; Hanoi refuses (it might have been a "mistake" to present new points, Kissinger later admitted); the bombing begins, apparently to penalize Hanoi for its perfidy.

There follows a mission by General Haig to Thieu, threatening a U. S. aid cut-off if he doesn't sign after Washington has "brutalized" Hanoi. Thieu relents. Hanoi comes back to the table to sign an agreement not significantly different from that of October. Kissinger wins half a Nobel Peace Prize. But why the bombing if Thieu concedes on the Haig ultimatum? Why does Kissinger later tell the Kalbs the gains of the terror strikes and the U. S. casualties over Hanoi were "marginal," that *he* would have signed the October deal? It is a sadly blurred picture, intimating intellectual and political bungling by Kissinger at an awful and needless human cost.

The Snapshot Approach

Few important subjects in *Kissinger* are not better reported elsewhere—for example, SALT and Pentagon policies by John Newhouse in his *Cold Dawn*, the Jordanian crisis by Henry Brandon, and Indochina by Szulc. Nonetheless, its "reporting" is typical of diplomatic journalism, the concentration on the drama and logistics of the Kissinger shuttles, the fatal reliance on "highest" sources. *Kissinger* is perhaps the ultimate product of this malaise. Two sophisticated correspondents write a lucrative and much-heralded 549 pages with almost no trace of a leaked document or authoritative official informant embarrassing to Kissinger, in a government bulging with both. It is as if Woodward and Bernstein had reported Watergate largely from interviews with Nixon, or Upton Sinclair had written *The Jungle* from the "primary sourcing" of the meat packers.

Kissinger might have been written very differently from questions and sources the Kalbs never probed, and beyond the answers they settled for. First, the subject demanded—and the authors' access to Kissinger afforded—a careful examination of the man and his concept of foreign policy. Henry Kissinger (in real life) is perhaps the most sophisticated, articulate, and *purposeful* man ever to guide American diplomacy. However controversial his positions, *he* can explain detente, the expedient subordination of human rights, the deliberate disregard of the developing world, and more. Intent on celebration, *Kissinger* thus misses a superb opportunity to open foreign policy to public understanding and debate.

And of the extraordinary man himself—so much of the story—there are only episodic, puzzling snapshots. He was, drop the Kalbs, "a believer in the persuasive power of bombs;" "always . . . a political chameleon;" would choose injustice over disorder; was the product of Weimar. The man and his policies merit more intellectual respect than this, and any serious book on Kissinger would proceed on such a basis. While we examine Kissinger's failures, we clearly need an equally deep exploration of his successes. SALT, the opening to China, the beginning of control on chemical-biological weapons, the brilliant Middle East diplomacy are all grand historic achievements that we should know how to emulate rather than simply cheer.

But the heart of the "record" is the man in relation to the government and country. How does he do it, we're entitled to know. Again, a serious effort to capture the subject would dig into ground the Kalbs leave sadly behind as the sleek 707 heads off to Paris or Cairo. To understand this singular dominance of U. S. foreign policy (and popular esteem) one has to write about how foreign policy is *made* in Washington (and New York), how Kissinger ruthlessly co-opted much of that world by bureaucratic skill and his remarkable relations with

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Nixon, how he manipulated the Congress, how he played with astonishing effect on the bias and weakness of the media, how he exploited with all his constituencies, foreign and domestic, their preference for him as apart from his unlikeable chief—all themes the Kalbs seem to find pedestrian or irrelevant. Kissinger's story did not take place in press conferences or secret sessions with Le Duc Tho; it is a vast web of relationships, battles, circumstance, and seemingly petty events that are the stuff of government—not the stuff of best-sellers, perhaps, for the subject tends to be more complex and less a star, but much more the reality than the imagery here. It seems almost too obvious, yet the Kalbs have missed it: Kissinger is a phenomenon of the politics of foreign policy; he is its quintessential *politician* in every sense of that word. Portraying him as less not only stunts the man, but perpetuates our ignorance about a deadly business conducted by a few largely unanswerable people in Washington.

We All Deserve More

Finally, this book owed us more than the protagonist's story of the agony of Vietnam. Seldom in history has a moment so illuminated the way we are governed as that last *four years* of killing. Seldom too have there been so many sources in government, here and in Saigon, deeply divided and disenchanted over the conduct of policy. But from the secret, illegal bombing of Cambodia in 1969 to the final madness of the carpet bombing of Hanoi, *Kissinger* refuses to tell more than the surface chronology. As for why it happened, why we and others suffered, and what role this one man *really* played in it all, we do not know. And the tragedy is that as many journalists know, we might have.

Fortunately, the revisionism may have already begun in the wake of Kissinger's outburst at Salzburg. Reporters have begun to ask, beyond the communique, where Kissinger may stand in history and have begun to expose the darker side of the record. But the Kalb's book suggests how far we have to go in treating foreign policy and its high priests with the same sense of proportion, healthy skepticism, and self-confidence we now apply to local politicians. For the Kalbs have obscured the ultimate lesson learned by most of us who worked for this man—in the end, he is not an exception, but a logical (and perhaps frightening) extension of the way most of us do business. What is so grave about all of this—and what can no longer excuse superficial, misleading books on the subject—is that business on *his* level is literally a matter of life and death, paid for in tax money, in bills at the grocery store, and ultimately with the lives of our sons.

There is a price here also for the Secretary of State. Even beyond his current crisis of character on the taps, he has hoped for sympathy and support in the goal of restoring public confidence in foreign policy. And whether he realizes it or not, that confidence, particularly among the young, will come only as we open diplomacy fairly and fully to public accountability. There the Kalbs fail him. He could have stood the test of an investigative report, and we would all have been better for it.

But perhaps, as Kissinger himself seems to sense, we prefer our remaining illusions to the truth that restores the faith Kissinger longs for. It is surely easier for journalists to write such books, for editors to keep the reports up-beat, for the Book-of-the-Month Club to sell *Kissinger*. Yet we will have truly lost faith in ourselves—what Henry Kissinger fears most—if we believe that he and his "successes" are all we have left amid the wreckage of a corrupt government.

"To read this book," advertises the Book-of-the-Month Club, "is an education in modern politics." What an unintended and tragic irony. We—and Kissinger—deserve better. ■

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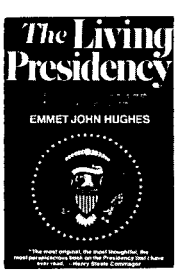
political book notes

Public affairs books to be published in July and August.

Abortion, Fertility, and Changing Legislation: An International Review. Jean van der Tak. Lexington, $11.

The American Intellectual Elite. Charles Kadushin. Little, Brown, $8.95. Through social science methodology, Kadushin comes to some lame conclusions about the impact of our leading "thinkers" on public policy: "[T]he facts are unclear. The elite intellectuals, the data suggests, may actually have had relatively little effect on the turns of events of the 1960s." Kadushin, who took great pains to determine the 70 leading intellectuals, seems to place a rather inflated value on his accomplishment: "[I]t is our impression that the new editor of *The New York Times Book Review* must be assigning reviews with our list of stars in hand." By the way, Daniel Bell is our "leading intellectual."



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The Balancing Act: Quota Hiring in Higher Education. George Roche. **Black Studies Revisited.** Alan Reynolds, Ernest van den Haag. Open Court, $8.95. The two monographs in this book give a disappointing treatment to two important subjects. One argues that quota programs for hiring women at universities are a bad idea; the other, that black studies programs have generally failed. Both authors' biases loom over every page, but the black studies section is better documented.

Bread or Justice: Grassroots Organizing in the Welfare Rights Movement. Lawrence Neil Bailis. Lexington, $12.50.

Bringing the War Home: The American Soldier in Vietnam and After. John Helmer. Free Press, $12.95.

Chicano Power: The Emergence of Mexican America Tony Castro. Saturday Review.

Citizenship Between Elections: An Inquiry into the Mobilizable American. James N. Roseneau. Free Press, $14.95.

City Notebook: A Reporter's Portrait of a Vanishing New York. McCandlish Phillips. Liveright, $7.95.

Civil-Military Relations: Changing Concepts in the Seventies. Charles L. Cochran, ed. Free Press, $10.95.

A Dangerous Place: The United Nations as a Weapon in World Politics. Abraham Yeselson, Anthony Gaglione. Grossman, $8.95. An original and important debunking study of the United Nations. Instead of hitting the easy targets—the UN's impotence and its featherbedded nature—the authors argue persuasively that the UN, as a stage for symbolic showdowns, actually increases world tensions.

The Daughters—An Unconventional Look at America's Fan Club: The DAR. Peggy Anderson. St. Martin's, $10. In her effort to

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understand the DAR the author sometimes leans so far backward that she seems to join the ladies in the 18th century. But otherwise, her book is both surprising and good.

The Day the Pigs Refused to Be Driven to Market: Advertising and the Consumer Revolution. Robin Wight. Random House, $7.95.

Death of the State. Peter T. Nanicas. Putnam, $7.95.

Democrats and Progressives: The 1948 Presidential Election as a Test of Postwar Liberalism. Allen Yamell. Univ. of California, $8.95.

Eating May Be Hazardous to Your Health. Jacqueline Verrett, Jean Carper. Simon & Schuster, $7.95. Jacqueline Verrett is the government scientist who raised the alarm about cyclamates. Her book is a well-documented, understated reminder of how little the Food and Drug Administration has done about hazardous food additives since that time.

God in Public: Political Theology Beyond Neibuhr. William R. Coats. Wm. B. Eerdmans, $7.95.

Grassroots Government: The County in American Politics. Susan Walker Torrence. Luce, $7.95. A plodding, fact-laden tour through the political thicket that is county government. The book's lack of analysis is unfortunate because counties are our fastest growing governmental unit and no one has yet clearly explained what the more than one million county employees really do all day.

Impeachment: A Handbook. Charles L. Black, Jr. Yale, $5.95/$1.95. A valuable guide to the political superbowl. But, like the program compared to the game, its orderliness is a pale contrast to the colorful chaos on Capitol Hill.

The Impeachment Congress. Cary T. Grayson, Susan Lukowski. Potomac Books, $2.

Inside Story. Brit Hume. Doubleday, $7.95. An adapted excerpt begins on page 7 of this issue of *The Washington Monthly*.

Kissinger. Marvin Kalb, Bernard Kalb. Little, Brown. $12.50. Reviewed by Roger Morris beginning on page 51 of this issue of *The Washington Monthly*.

The Nuclear Trap. Robert E. Walters. Penguin, $2.

Oil and the Congressional Process: The Limits of Symbolic Politics. Bruce Ian Oppenheimer. Lexington, $14.

Our Kindly Parent—The State: The Juvenile System and How It Works. Patrick T. Murphy. Viking, $8.95.

The Paper Plantation. William C. Osborn. Grossman, $7.95. This latest Nader book

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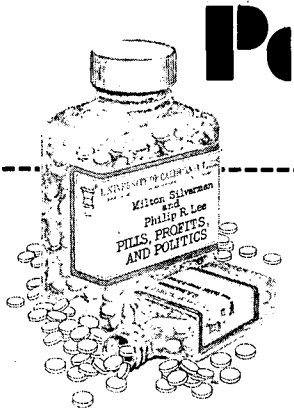

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(the 27th) has some of the strengths and most of the weaknesses of the genre. The indictment of the paper industry in Maine is detailed and convincing, but the book suffers from a repetitious tone and a prose style that produces acronym-clogged phrases like "government officials from the U. S. EPA, the IJC and Maine's EIC met with the company. . . ." What has become so wearying about Nader books is their one-dimensional and pious view of their adversaries: "Scott management [is] apparently more interested in today's balance sheet than tomorrow's forest." What the book also fails to explain is how the paper companies managed to dominate Maine politics despite a series of seemingly liberal governors beginning with Ed Muskie. Even the chapter on the state legislature suffers from a perfunctory tone and a good government tendency to blame everything on inadequate salaries and staff.

The Phaeton Ride: The Failure of American Success. Forrest McDonald. Doubleday, $7.95. For 95 per cent of its length this is an extremely impressive analysis, tying political, cultural, and financial themes together into an explanation of our apparently insoluble economic crises. Sadly, the other five per cent is an ill-humored and unnecessary attack on environmentalists and Ralph Nader, which damages the book's integrity.

The Population Activist's Handbook. The Population Institute. Macmillan, $8.95/$3.95.

Protest and the Urban Guerrilla. Richard Clutterbuck. Abelaard-Schuman, $8.95.

Rural Development: World Frontiers. Laurence Hewes. Iowa State Univ. Press, $10.

The Soviet Impact on World Politics. Kurt London, ed. Hawthorn.

The Stoned Age: A History of Drugs in America. John Rublowsky. Berkley, $7.95.

Testing Theories of Economic Imperialism. Steven J. Rosen, James R. Kurth. Lexington, $16.50.

The Unheavenly City Revisited. Edward C. Banfield. Little, Brown, $8.95. In this revision of his 1970 work, Banfield is as infuriatingly condescending about the poor as ever, still arguing that "lower class culture is pathological." But at his best, in the chapter on education and the one on the relationship between unemployment and the minimum wage, Banfield provides a refreshing tonic to liberal orthodoxy.

The Wound Within: America in the Vietnam Years 1945-1974. Alexander Kendrick. Little, Brown, $10.

When Governments Come to Washington: Governors, Mayors, and Intergovernmental Lobbying. Donald H. Haider. Free Press, $10.95.

Without Cloak or Dagger: The Truth About the New Espionage. Miles Copeland. Simon & Schuster, $7.95.

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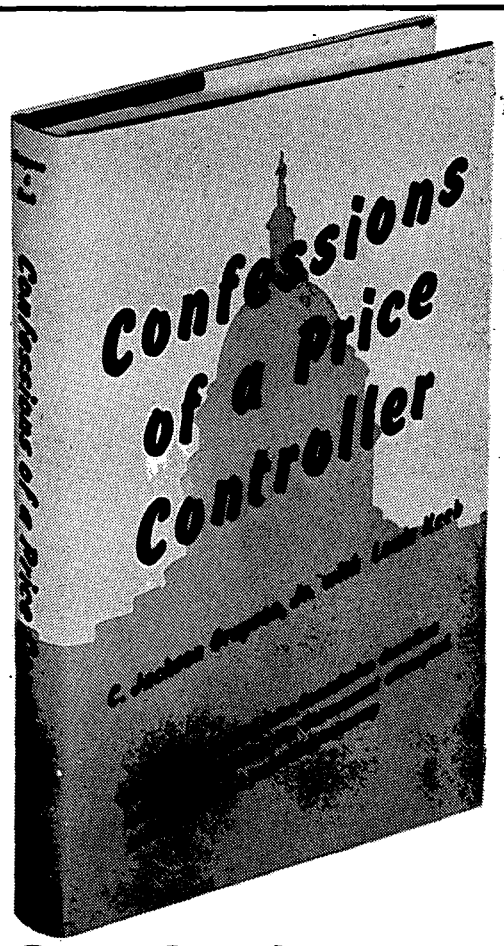

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